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CONDUCTED
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Leading Features:

Orpheus C. Kerr's
"Once There Was
a Man."

"November Snow."
Illust'd Poem.

Short Stories,
Poems, etc.

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA

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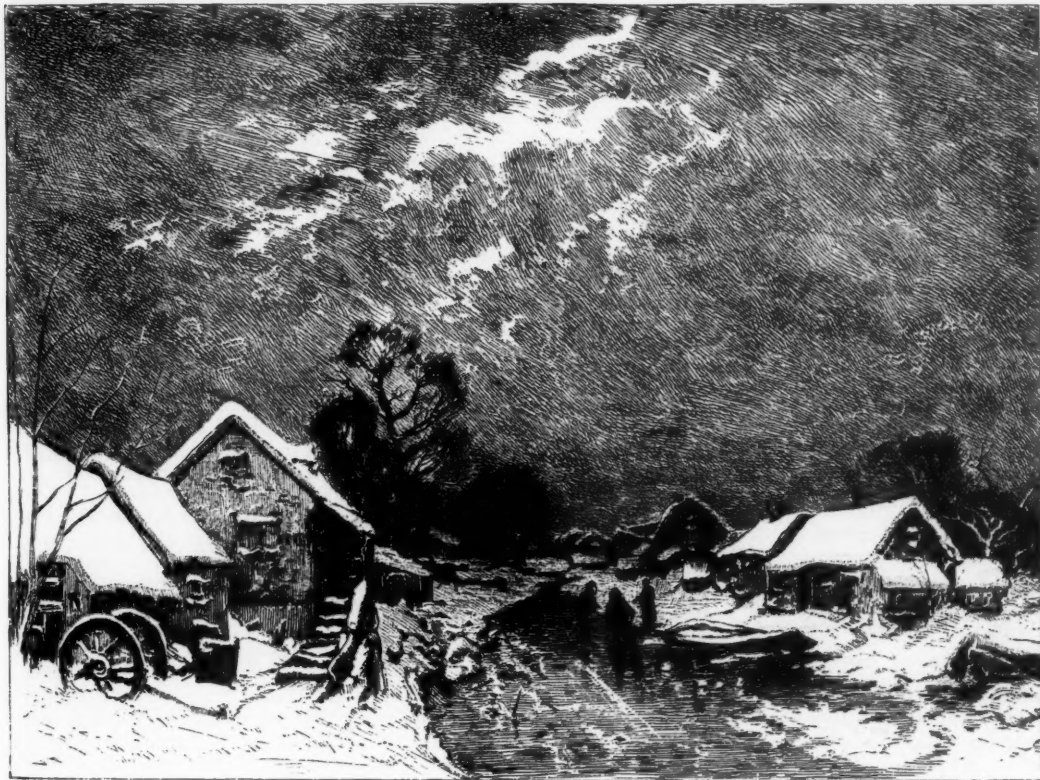
THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1883.

Whole No. 94.



NOVEMBER SNOW.

COLD and bare was the earth at night,
Brown were the leafless trees ;
Black and gray the shadows lay
Where a month ago the woods were gay ;
And the gentle Autumn breeze
Rustled the masses of yellow and red
In maples and birches overhead,
And the hunter's moon was bright.

Last night across a sullen sky
Hung a dun veil of cloud ;
Low-gabled roofs to the dying day
Slanted their ranks of shingles gray—
Fierce was the wind and loud ;
Early the sun went down, eclipsed
By squadrons torn of rack and mist
From warring hosts on high.

To-day on roof and spire and hill
Rests white the north-land's pall ;
At midnight died the gale away,
And soft on rock and branch and spray
With light and feathery fall—
All through the dim and silent night,
Sifting its wealth of crystals white
Down on the meadows chill—

Down by the icy brooklet's flow,
Fringing its fetters light ;
Robing the cedars, robing the pines
And the trailing tangle of fallen vines
With kingly vestments white—
Down upon Autumn's treasure lost,
On the desolate ruin and wreck of frost,
Came the first November snow.

EDWARD COGGSWELL.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R. H. NEWELL. (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

CHAPTER X.

DR. HEDLAND DELIVERS A LECTURE.

CONNECTING by a movable, V-shaped foot-bridge, or batang, of bamboo, with the great veranda compassing the main village, the detached house of the naturalist was in other respects similar to the ordinary Dyak habitation, save that, in addition to the common hinged flap in the roof, it boasted several square openings in the sides for windows. Then, again, at a depth of eight or nine feet below the flooring, on the supporting piles of *metrosideros vera*, or iron-wood, a platform had been constructed, in an inclosure of rattan matting, for the storage of the casks of medicated arrack used by the Doctor in preserving the skins of animals, his arsenical preparations for birds, butterflies and other small specimens, and his reserve of ammunition. Yet lower, a second platform, walled from all outer inspection with *Nypa* "ataps," was the bedchamber of the wonderful mias; and from thence to the ground only mossy and creeper-wreathed piles obstructed a view of the great iron vat in which the flesh was boiled from the skeletons of beasts worth anatomical retention. Ladders at practicable angles led down through the whole interior, from a trap in the floor of the house; none appearing on the exterior.

In the house itself, formerly belonging to the panglima, or chief-warrior, of the tribe, there were three compartments; a dormitory on either side of a much larger central room. The latter was where the American merchant and Mr. Williamson found Doctor Hedland and Colonel Daryl awaiting them that evening, with Oshonsee, (no longer disguised in human attire,) on a bench upon the low table beside which they were sitting.

Several clumsy oil-lamps, of the same native pottery with the rude naga, or dragon, jars of the Dyaks, were so disposed on the table as to concentrate what rays they could produce upon the docile, sleepily-blinking wild-man-of-the-woods, and the light elsewhere diffused gave but dim definition to such surrounding furniture as a swinging shelf of books; a tall bamboo framework, like a printer's case, on which rested a volume of commercial-ledger aspect and an inkstand; several cane chairs of as many different shapes; guns and butterfly-nets hanging by rattan-loops from the undistinguishable beams, and so on.

When the two guests first caught sight of this rather sinister interior, upon the opening of the door for them by a voiceless Dyak attendant, they were not greatly surprised to see Dr. Hedland press a significant finger to his lips as he hastily advanced to receive them. An admonition of silence was in keeping with the general suppressing tone of the whole scene.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," began the naturalist in French; "but I did not wish you to speak in English. Colonel Daryl and I talk in the best French we can muster, to avoid the extraordinary excitement any sound of English occasions in this animal—as you saw, for yourselves, to-day. Since you must depart from here to-morrow, I sent Kalong to invite your presence immediately. Do I make myself intelligible?"

The new-comers nodded assent; and Mr. Effingham

added, in very good French, "that Mr. Dodge's experience of "tuak," very temperate though it was, had obliged the gentleman to forego the pleasure of his proposed call, in favor of an early couch.

"Well, that I regret," remarked the Doctor; "for I hoped to induce him to repeat his performance of to-day with Oshonsee. It involved a new and (to me) suggestive illustration of the creature's intimations of reason. Mr. Dodge should know enough of Borneo, by this time, to run from that villainous tuak, though those young Dyak witches might persuade Saint Anthony himself. But I suppose we must do without him. Now draw up to the table, if you please, gentlemen, and I'll get through with the mias as soon as possible."

In obedience to an order, in his own tongue, the attendant Dyak, Kalong, brought forward chairs, and then two bottles of the Doctor's port and some cheroots. When the party were seated, it was observed that the table held also a small metal tub of water, with a small shelf around the rim on which were ranged a number of cocoanut shells, seemingly linked together by a cord.

And now that the most famous of orang-outans, or mias, was seen close at hand, and in his natural aspect, the visitors remarked, with exchange of surprised glances, that he differed, in many startling particulars, from the wild members of his species observed by them on the Simunjon. Doctor Hedland noticed their looks, and could not repress a complacent chuckle, as—after a cup of the wine in amicable pledge—he arose and placed a caressing hand on Oshonsee's nearer shoulder.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, with spectacles pushed up on forehead, "I wish to avail myself of the only opportunity I am ever likely to have in Borneo, for explaining to educated men, of my own race, why I place so high a value and bestow so much exclusive study upon a specimen of natural history that vulgar rumor has represented to be no more than a common *mias pappan*. I propose to show to you, so far as I can and with as few technical terms as possible, that, while the animal is an anthropomorphous ape, he is so far beyond the most intelligent type of tailless simiæ yet known to European science, and so far short of any actual human assimilation, that he must be a hybrid of species not yet included in the hundred-and-thirty different monkey kinds at present known to man."

This exordium had in it a certain tone of covert dogmatical defiance, that made even the Colonel uncomfortable lest his friend should drift into some ludicrous extravagance at the next stage.

"But before going further in this vein," proceeded the speaker, clasping his hands behind him, "let me premise that I do not really believe this creature belongs to Borneo. Makota pretends to have procured him for me from a district belonging to himself beyond the Madi Mountains, whither no European has yet penetrated. He has assured me that the animal was carried to the sea, and then brought down the coast, at his command, by the Bajows, or sea-gypsies. I suspect, however, that he clings to this representation, because, when expressing to him my wish to secure a large mias, on my first acquaintance with him in Bruni, I particularized the Bornean species. I am sure in my own mind that

Oshonsee came from Sumatra, where his species is said to attain higher stature, and to walk erect on the ground more frequently, than on this island. Probably Makota persists in his assertion because he cannot understand the scientific aspect of the matter, and suspects that I question him from a secret fear of my own that the animal is not veritably Borneon. I hope to get the full truth from him eventually, as it is very essential to my purpose. Hence I keep on good terms with the fellow; have made him many presents; and, above all, did not interpose, as I might have done, only a short time ago, when our friend, Pa Jenna, allowed his daughter, Amina, to go up to the Sadong with the Pangeran as his wife—her older sister, Inda, being already a wife to the Pangeran Budrudeen. It is to my interest, as a man of science, to retain the good will of Makota, whatever the new politicians of Kuchin may think of it."

"They do not think of it at all, Hedland; as I have so often assured you. Or, at any rate, not in an unamiable way," retorted the Colonel, stanchly. Mr. Williamson smiled.

"Well, it shall be precisely as they please," was the curt rejoinder.

The naturalist took the strangely passive Oshonsee by a wrist, and made him rise from the bench and stand erect.

"Set the clock," ordered the master, in Malayan.

With a shuffling step, as though fearful of slipping, the mias advanced to the metallic tub on the table, tilted one of the cocoanut shells from the rim into the water, with a finger, and returned.

"That is a prahu clock, such as is used for keeping watches at sea. There are a dozen of those shells, each with a fine hole in the bottom to secure the filling of the shell with water, by its own weight, in exactly an hour. You have seen how it is set, and that the shells are tied to each other by certain lengths of cord. In one hour the shell that Oshonsee has floated will sink. In so doing it will strike the bottom of the tub with a noise, and also pull the next shell from the rim into the water, by its cord, for the next hour. And so the clock will run, as accurately as any chronometer, for twelve hours. It would not be difficult to mark the shells with a scale of the sixty minutes, and so have them registered by water, also."

As a curiosity, in itself, the Malayan time-keeper deserved some attention; yet the Doctor had not intended it to receive the chief notice in the episode of its employment.

"I see," said Mr. Williamson, "that your satyrus, besides being extraordinarily long in his legs, does not walk on the sides of his soles, in the usual manner of his kind. He and the Rajah's 'Betsy' move like animals of wholly different species."

"Ah, you observed that!" resumed the naturalist, in a gratified tone. "He certainly does tread on his knuckles yet when moving on all-fours; but you must perceive that his knees turn out less than those of the common *pithecus satyrus*. And in his upright movement, without support, you must have noticed, also, a firmness of tension in the action of the hip-joint, as though the femur had the *ligamentum teres* by which the human leg is braced for walking. Remark, too, that his thumbs turn less into the palms than with the wild mias. Now all these approximations to human traits have been developed since the animal came under my training."

"But his extraordinary length of leg can hardly be an educational result, sir?" intimated Mr. Effingham.

Doctor Hedland took the remark very graciously, and answered, with animation—

"To a certain degree—yes! By accustoming him to an erect attitude I have appreciably modified the original oblique articulation of his lower extremities. It remains true yet, however, sir, that the legs are longer than those of any ape familiar to science. But I have some comparative measurements to give you of an even more curious suggestiveness."

By this time the man of science was warmly into his favorite subject, and, with hand again upon a hairy shoulder of the well-trained mias, looked, in the flickering light, like a fantastic necromancer placing a spell upon his familiar demon. In white linen blouse and nether garments; his black beard, lank hair, inky eyebrows and skull-cap made more intensely sombre by contrast, and giving a startling distinctiveness to the long, florid face, lustrous with moisture, and glasses flashing high on his lofty forehead; he was an ominous figure in group with the great ape. While the three spectators; their own countenances barely within the wavering circle of the lamp-rays, and gloom all round and above them; might have fancied themselves present at a forbidden incantation in some secret cavern of the equatorial wilderness.

"It is my conclusion," went on the Doctor, "from all that I have studied of Buffon, Cuvier, Owen, the new man, Darwin, and others; from all my inquiries of Malays and Dyaks, and from all that I have been able to observe for myself, that at least four species of mias can be found on this island and in Sumatra. Makota knows only the larger or Mias Pappan, and the smaller, or Mias Rombi. Pa Jenna and some of the Dyaks darrat, or native peasants, have assured me of the existence of a third species, or Mias Kassar, around the head waters of the river Coti, just east of the Anga-Anga mountains. The probable fourth species, of the *simia Abellii*, is undoubtedly the Sumatran.

"Now the question is, to which species does this mias here belong? By his stature he should be a Pappan, yet his height, of five feet, is more, by over six inches, than that of the largest orang-outan ever before captured. The Pappans—called by Owen *simia Wurmii*—have callosities on either side of the face; which this mias has not; neither has the Rombi, nor Kassar. The Pappan's hair is blackish-brown on the body and black on the face; Oshonsee's hair, as you see, is brownish-red throughout—like that of the supposed Sumatran mias. The Kassar (*simia Morio*), once erroneously taken for the female of the Pappan, has small teeth, and no ridges rising from the front of the head, as has the Pappan.

"Oshonsee's teeth are like man's, and he shows no frontal ridges. Notice his nose; there is the septum, or partition of the nostrils, very much alike in man and ape; but the outer curve of his nostrils, you see, is not confluent with the cheek, as in all known Borneon mias. The query arises: do the stature of the tallest conceivable Pappan, the coat and face of the Rombi, and the teeth and forehead of the Kassar come together in the reported *simia Abellii* of Sumatra; and has the Sumatran mias also the nose and long legs of Oshonsee? I lean to that supposition, because this animal in our presence cannot be either a Pappan, or a Rombi, or a Kassar."

The scientist paused for a long breath, and Colonel Daryl spoke:

"Haven't you spoken of him as a hybrid, Doctor?"

"I have. But I believe him to be a hybrid of species not yet found in Borneo. His excess of height, alone, not to mention a lack of proportionate width of extended arms, shows that he can be no Pappan."

"Is the gain of stature by the legs, only?" inquired Mr. Williamson.

"I may say yes to that. From hip to heel he measures two feet ten inches; or one foot less than a tall man, and six inches more than the largest known Pappan."

"I really cannot understand, Dr. Hedland, what you are making him out to be," observed the American merchant.

"I am by no means sure," was the frank answer, "that I know that, exactly, myself. But allow me, gentlemen, to give you the general measurements of this animal, which, excepting his stature, legs and circumference of head, are about the same as those of the full-grown great mias Pappan. With them I'll give the corresponding average human proportions, for suggestion's sake. In breadth across outstretched arms, from finger-tip to finger-tip, the mias is seven feet, nine inches; man is two feet less, or twelve inches less by each arm. In lengths of feet and hands mias and man are about alike—twelve inches for foot, and an inch or two less for hand. Across the shoulders, again, they do not differ much, the mias measurement being one foot, six inches. Under the arms the mias circumference is three feet, to the three to four feet of man; and around the ribs he is three and three-quarters, or near the human average.

"When we come to the neck, even as with his legs, Oshonsee differs more from his own known species than he does from mankind. A large mias Pappan measures two feet, four inches, around the neck; man perhaps a foot less; and Oshonsee, one foot, nine. From forehead to chin, the Pappan, nine and three-quarter inches; man eight and a half inches; Oshonsee, a fraction below nine inches. Across face below eyes, the Pappan (including callosities), thirteen inches; man, ten inches, and Oshonsee the same. Ear to ear, over top of head, the Pappan, nine and a-half inches; man, fourteen and a quarter inches; Oshonsee, twelve and a quarter inches. From ear to ear behind the head, the Pappan nine and three-quarter inches; man, ten and a half inches; Oshonsee, not quite ten inches. The brain capacity of the Pappan is from twenty-six to twenty-seven cubic inches, and that of Oshonsee thirty—as near as I can judge. You'll remember the leg measurements, which I gave before; the Pappan, of the largest known size, two feet, four inches; a tall man, three feet, ten inches; Oshonsee, two feet, ten inches. In comparing length of legs, however, I have given you the measure of a Pappan certainly from four to five inches taller than the one made the standard of my general comparison. Hence, Oshonsee's disproportion is so marked in this respect, that if, being a mias Pappan, the breadth across his extended arms were proportionate to his stature, that breadth should be not much less than ten feet, or four feet more than man's; whereas it is, as I have said, seven feet, nine inches.

"In short, the mias before us is *not* a Pappan, nor a Rombi, nor a Kassar. He belongs to neither the *simia Wurmbii*, nor the *simia Morio*. Are the *simia Abellii*, or Dr. Clarke Abel's mias, a new species, and of Sumatra? If so, is Oshonsee a Sumatran ape? He is not a Borneon, unless this island contains a species of his race wholly unknown to science."

Not caring, apparently, to hear any amateur comments on this nice point of the subject, Doctor Hedland hastened to draw from one of his pockets a small bamboo tube, and handed it to the quadrumanous phenomenon.

"Oshonsee, the gentlemen want fire for their segars," he said, in Malay.

Taking the article in both hands, the mias drew from the tube a cube of lead, with a hollow in the top filled with tinder. Then he struck the tube down, sharply, over the lead again; as sharply withdrew it; and handed the cube to his master with the tinder a-light.

"They say," remarked the sage, with a grim smile, handing the fire around to the party, "that the lowest order of human intelligence is superior to the highest development of simian brain, if only in the simple matter of making fire. Give the mias permanent need of fire, and he'll learn how to kindle it fast enough. Oshonsee can handle this curious little native kindler quite as adroitly as I can myself; and I question if he doesn't understand its philosophy as well. Some of the Malay and Dyak fire-makers are really puzzling; not to speak of the production of combustion by the rubbing of sticks together, or by boring into a hard wooden block with a pointed club. The metal tube and piston, bringing a spark by compression of air, always bothered me; and so does the Dyak method of laying tinder upon a bit of broken crockery, and striking fire into it with bamboo."

Following this frank confession of his crudity in natural philosophy with a call to his Dyak, Kalong, the Doctor briefly ordered that native mute to convey Oshonsee to bed; and while yet the three auditors of the lecture were in a subdued stir at the abruptness of the movement, the Dyak led the unresisting mias down from the table, and disappeared with him through a trap in the floor not many paces from where they were sitting.

"I wanted to get back again to our proper English, gentlemen," the Doctor explained, though in a lowered voice; and resumed his own chair, vigorously mopping his face. There was an interval of wine-sipping, and then he went on:

"You all understand now, I presume, what are my reasons for making such a 'hobby,' as Mr. Brooke is pleased to call it, of an animal that even Mr. Effingham's promising youngster has found amusing."

"And the lad's father begs leave to apologize to you, sir, unreservedly, for that impertinence," exclaimed Mr. Effingham, earnestly.

"And I, sir, have to apologize, for my own hastiness of manner in allowing a child's remark to make me discourteous to ladies, no less than to yourself."

A general light laugh followed this conciliatory reference to an episode of which all who were present had heard, and then the naturalist remounted his hobby in phenomenal good humor.

"On that extemporized standing-desk, to our right, is a book in which I put down each day's observations of what I may call Oshonsee's systematic intellectual development. In a few months hence I shall take the creature with me to Europe, and then make public my theory respecting him. In strict confidence, between ourselves, I am firmly convinced that, in this same animal, I have nothing less than an unmistakable clue to discoveries likely to overturn some of the longest-accepted fundamental principles of biology, anthropology, geology—and even Theology!—I'm afraid so!—Unless I am egregiously in error, this mias goes a long way to disprove Lyell's conclusion as to the extinction of species, and does completely confute Buffon's axiom, that 'that which is the most constant and unalterable in nature is the type or form of each species.' If the mias is what I grow more and more confident that he is, we are on the verge of proof that there has been no extinc-

tion of species since the beginning of the world, and may regard it as already demonstrated, that the types and forms of species *do* alter, and run consecutively into each other—"

Darwin's theory of the origin of species, and the accessions of Lyell and others to it, being yet many years off, the auditors of this bold hazard of judgment were rather shocked, as by an extravagance of obvious monomania, than pleased as under a revelation of scientific discovery.

"—For I mean to assert," proceeded the sage, drawing back from the table, and leaning forward to emphasize what he said by pounding with his right fist on his left palm—"I mean to assert that the species to which Oshonsee belongs—whether in some not hitherto explored recess of Borneo, or, as is more likely, in Sumatra—is, by at least two important stages, a nearer approach to human form and type than science has hitherto deemed possible of existence in the world. In form and attributes it is about equidistant from man and from the most man-like example of the Asiatic quadrumana ever before observed.

"I tell you, gentlemen, this mias, or mias-hybrid perhaps, practically bridges the interval between men and simiae. Between his anatomy and that of our own species there is scarcely as much difference as between the skeletons of Asiatic and African elephants: and his structure varies from that of the Pappan of Borneo, or any conceivable Borneon hybrid, chiefly in differences which we may imagine possible to have been effected by changing conditions of life through two or three generations.

"Take the human beings of some savage tribe, of lowest intellectual order; compel them to live in trees, for safety or subsistence; oblige their every ordinary movement to be made in a bending posture, to clear the boughs perpetually over their heads; make it their constant necessity to clasp with their feet the boughs upon which they stand; make their readiest and only safe means of travel the clasping of high twigs with both hands and the swinging of the body's whole weight from tree to tree—cut these wretches off, absolutely, from sight or influence of any higher order of men—and how many generations of them, think you, would be required to produce a race with lower limbs dwarfed and perverted to obliquity, knees turned outward and foot-soles and great-toes turned inward; with arms elongated disproportionately by continual perpendicular tension in traveling; and necks crowded down by incessant stooping, dodging and crouching? Add to this the intellectual degeneracy no less sure a result of the blank monotony of such a life; and the consequent decay of the physical mediums of intellectual expression; and the creatures would only need hair-coatings—which many a civilized man is already curiously afflicted with, below the shaving-line, as any physician can tell you—to be orang-outans!

"On the other hand, train a few generations of selected anthropomorphous apes to live upon the ground, use their hands and feet like men, find variety of mental excitement in everything challenging their notice, wear clothing, develop imitative and imaginative powers from contact with educated mankind, and acquire the social instinct of pride—and how far removed, do you suppose, their final type would be from man?"

"Now, really, Hedland," struck in the Colonel, "you are proving the converse of what I take to be your proposition, as well as the proposition itself. By your reasoning, Oshonsee may as well be a degenerate Man as a regenerate Ape."

"So he might," returned the naturalist, his black eyes shining with excitement, "if it were Thinkable that human beings could ever be reduced and limited to the condition requisite for their degradation to apedom. No known race has voluntarily assumed such conditions, and it is Unthinkable that the compulsion thereto could ever be practiced by superior human-kind. Therefore, the ape-Man has, probably, never existed. The process of realizing the man-Ape, however, *is* Thinkable. We may readily imagine circumstances of country, climate, the adjacency of benevolent mankind, and steady physical regeneracy, at least, therefrom, to account for the evolution of the species of an Oshonsee from that of the Borneon Pappan, or the African chimpanzee, or that other and greatest ape of all, said to have been discovered, just now, by missionaries, in Guinea."

"You think, then, Doctor Hedland, that, in this species, you have found the link between man and monkey," remarked Mr. Williamson, doubting his own ears.

"I am sure," reiterated the Doctor, emphasizing with his fist again, "that the mias procured for me by Makota is either a hybrid mixture of Borneon, Pappan, Rombi and Kassar; or, possibly, a true Sumatran ape of a new species; or, more probably, perhaps, a Sumatran hybrid. I am also sure that, whatever island or class he belongs to, he is, structurally and intellectually, an advance over at least half of the interval hitherto believed to be clearly existent between the highest type of simia and the lowest type of humanity. If I am right, my proposition proves that Buffon is wrong, and that the types and forms of species *are* alterable. By implication it shows, also, that Lyell is, probably, as mistaken in his theory of the extinction of certain species; since, if, by evolution of one into another, different species can progressively modify their types and forms, it is easy to believe that no one species may ever go totally out of existence."

"This sounds like a startling discovery, undoubtedly," said Mr. Effingham, with intense interest; "but are you not assuming too much human similitude for your orang-outan, from his purely animal unlikeness to the types of his family with which you are familiar?"

"Why, you have heard the measurements of his head, sir, as compared with those of man's and the Pappan's. They prove an intellectual development more than ape, if less than man. You have seen him walk upright, unsupported; though shuffling because the smooth surface of the table is yet insecure to feet more familiar with grass, tree-bark, or rough bamboo floors. If he yet stands on his knuckles, like all mias, and has a protuberant jaw and chin, I shall soon train him to spread his toes (nether fingers, if you choose,) as he is already learning to walk on his soles, regularly; and I could pick you out thousands of prognathous skulls from among human beings of the lower agricultural classes and city slums of Europe."

The prahu clock had, before now, reminded them of the flight of time by the tapping of a flooded cocoanut-shell on the bottom of its tub and the splash of another in the water, and the gentlemen sat more upright in their chairs, preparatory to a dispersion. The Doctor was becoming husky from so much speaking, and hurried to his peroration:

"I am educating Oshonsee to human ways as rapidly as possible, in the not illogical hope that the process may develop, more to my satisfaction, his unquestionable sensibility to some past human associations. You have seen that I am accustoming him to human dress; he eats the same food with me, using plate, cup and

spoon; and I shall soon have him taught to hold and smoke a pipe. I think his affection for me increases through this method of treatment, and that he makes proportionately plainer to me every day the meaning of some of his peculiarities. Ever since he first came into my possession the sound of any word in English has frenzied him beyond control, and made him chatter his 'O-shon-see! O-shon-see!' like a mad creature. When my friend, here, Colonel Daryl, puts on his sword, the animal goes into a paroxysm of terror. From all of which I am sure that English-speaking men, with swords, have at some time been pursuers of Oshonsee in his native wilds. That might have been in Sumatra, when English ships have been there. His demonstration with the stick against Mr. Dodge, to-day, does not altogether explain itself to my mind; for, under all his frenzy at the man's English, I detected something also very like a kind of hysterical glee. But you've had enough for one lecture, gentlemen, and if I have not already justified myself to your intelligences for my high estimate of the importance of this animal to science, volumes more might not avail."

In taking leave for the night, with Mr. Williamson; as he did soon after; the American merchant thanked his host in all hearty sincerity, and spoke to him of that last trophy in the head-house which had seemed to him so curious. The naturalist confessed that his repugnance to the place had prevented his particular notice of the object in question, but promised to examine it soon; and—Colonel Daryl agreeing to accompany them back to Kuchin on the *Welleveden* next day—the Rajah's aide and Mr. Effingham withdrew, under pilotage of the reappearing Kalong, to their quarters in Pa Jenna's house.

The two remaining persons lingered over their cigars and wine in a conversation naturally turning back to their common experiences in other years and scenes; the Colonel informing his friend of what Mrs. Effingham had told him of the deaths and sorrows since he was a husband and widower in the one hour.

"Man's lot has not much changed since the days of Tacitus, when *spes et præmia in ambiguo; certa, funera et luctus*," quoted the Doctor, sympathetically.

The prahu clock tapped for midnight, and the exhausted lamps sputtered out, one after another, while old days were yet being recalled; and the talkers were even tempted out of doors and beyond the bridge, for a noiseless walk on the moonlighted veranda, in list slippers, before seeking their beds.

Scarcely, however, was the ghostly tramp begun, when a figure, without coat and having a handkerchief tied about the head, came tripping fantastically from the shadow of one of the houses.

"Bless me, it's Dodge!" muttered Hedland, halting in amazement.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," enunciated that spectre of his earlier self, somewhat desolately. "I could not attend the monkey lecture. Slight indisposition. Dyak hospitality. I would ask you, however, Doctor Hedland, if you are yet open to liberal negotiations on behalf of my respected principal, Mr. Barnum?"

"I answered you on that point, sir, at Singapore," said the Doctor, in a mood to be rather amused than angered by the semi-somnambulist's pertinacity; "and I'll say to you now, young man, that you'll do credit to yourself and your country by an immediate return to your chamber. Good night to you—it is one o'clock."

"One o'clock!" echoed Mr. Dodge, turning in a large circle to retrace his steps,—“by the feeling of my head it must be nearer half-past Tuak.”

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE DURIUM TREE.

MISS ANKEROO's spiritual inheritance from the Puritan forefathers of her native New England made it impossible for her to be either quiescent or conservative, under what the select little circle of civilized Kuchin society was allowed to know of the latest scientific assumption. Refusing to judge it from any other than the theological point of view, she insisted that its acceptance, in any degree, meant nothing less than a complete renunciation of the Biblical theory of man's special creation in the Divine likeness, and his individual responsibility.

"If we are all to turn atheistic materialists at last, let us at least be honest with ourselves," she said, at the breakfast-table, on the morning after the return of the Simunjon party. "The meaning of all this speculation about the man-ward development of apes is just this: that the Almighty did not create Man as Man, but left him to be a subsequent evolution from progressive elements, which, in the first days of the Universe, may have been but atoms of the atoms gathered from space to form a slowly rounding world. Men being but highly developed brutes, brutes may as well be but highly developed vegetables or fishes; and vegetables, or fishes, but ultimate animations of land and sea primeval coagulations. To allow one conclusion, is to approve the logic compelling final belief in all; and to believe in any, is to absolve all that is spiritual, moral and intellectual in humanity from any immediate responsibility to a specifically creating God, and hold it accountable only to the local conventions of the last materialistic development of what may originally have been but so many particles of sand! A nice man this Doctor Hedland must be, to give his unfortunate villagers Christian instructions on Sunday, and then ask three of his educated fellow-beings to credit that a deformed orang-outan proves, by its very monstrosities, that its race is a natural incipience of ours! And he must talk in French before the creature, because some past painful mental association—yes! nothing less than *mental association*!—makes the frightful animal frantic at the sound of English!

"*Est ce que la tête tourne à cet homme?*" asked Miss Ankeroo, in withering practical satire upon the Doctor's Gallic resort—"is the man's head turned by this hateful monkey, that he sets himself above Buffon, Saint Hilaire, Cuvier, Owen, Lyell and all the other great naturalists and geologists of the world? Down-right atheism is just what all such stuff practically means—an absolute denial of the whole Biblical story of the Creation, and a resolution of all that is either good or bad in the human soul into the mere compulsory effects of the unavoidable circumstances of a growth from the brute condition. There can be no divine Father to be especially prayed to by human beings in such a system; and I'd have more respect for this crazy Doctor, if he came out at once and said, frankly, that his monkey abolishes the Supreme Being of revealed religion."

When Miss Ankeroo took a lively interest in any subject, and particularly if it trenched upon religious tenets, her style of remark was wont to be rather declamatory; perhaps from some of her earlier scholastic habitations. Probably her mood was more serious and her judgment more sweeping on this occasion than were those of some of the other people in Kuchin to whom the same topic had been similarly commended. At the Rajah's, for instance, an amiably whimsical postulation of a characteristically sardonic motive for the

grim philosopher's theory about Oshonsee, induced more apparent amusement than reprobation. Nevertheless, what the latest comers from the Dyak village felt themselves at liberty to divulge, in detail, of that which they had seen and heard there, left in certain reflective minds an under-current of unspoken thought by no means wholly unsympathetic with the lady's radical treatment of the matter.

But the first missionary spirit in Sarāwak troubled herself little to know whether her sentiments in this relation were echoed, or not. Having spoken her own mind, she contemptuously dismissed the whole heretical fantasy from further contemplation, and gave renewed energy to her daily infant-school, and projected Sunday meeting for native girls and women.

In the evening Mr. Dodge was to start, by trading schooner, on his return to Singapore, and, in a few hours before the time of departure, he and Miss Ankeroo chanced to be left by themselves in the general room: he looking over the latest-received number of the *Straits Times*, and she, at a table, prosecuting her tireless study of Marsden. The miniature academy had been dismissed; Berner and the servile staff were preparing dinner in the outer buildings; Mr. Effingham wrote letters in his private chamber; Mrs. Effingham had withdrawn with her needlework to the veranda, and sounds of youthful voices, at intervals, were wafted up from the garden with the rustle of leaves, and hum of bees, and odor of sweet blossoms.

In the shaded light by which he was trying to read his newspaper, Mr. Dodge found the whole effect of the domestic situation so perilous of undesirable slumber, that, after several futile efforts to master an article upon the reported engagement of American ships in the atrocious Coolie trade between China and Peru, he allowed the weekly sheet to settle quietly into his lap, and gazed, for wakefulness, at the fair student's half-bowed profile.

"I really beg your pardon, Miss Ankeroo," he said, when caught at it. "I should have gone to sleep if I had looked at anything else."

"And no wonder—over such newspapers as there are in this part of the world!" remarked the practical lady, closing her book for the moment. "I feel sometimes, myself, as though I would almost give my eyes to see the Boston *Advertiser* once more."

"But this isn't so bad, for a new paper, in a place like Singapore," pleaded the adopted citizen of that ambitious port, referring to his so lately unreadable sheet. "Our friend, Belmore, out here," (with a motion of his head toward the garden) "should have taken you to the new *Times* offices, while he was escorting all of you to see the lions of the town. The proprietors are going to establish a spacious public news-room, to be supplied with files of all the principal journals and commercial magazines in the world. They talk, too, of printing and binding books and doing lithographic work."

"Importing their workmen from Europe?"

"Oh, no; not at all. They employ Malays, Chinamen, Portuguese, Klings, Javanese, and even Hindoos; and, really, the way such printers can 'set up' English without understanding a dozen words of it, is curious to see. When you are all in Singapore, again, on your way home, I'll do myself the honor of showing your party to the *Times* quarters—that is, if my services are acceptable and the Lieutenant visit there again."

"Is the *Times* your only paper?" inquired Cousin Sadie, calmly regardless of the personal reference.

"There is the old *Free Press* a dozen years older.

Rajah Brooke writes in it occasionally; so it has been looked upon, in a way, as his organ. That may start the *Times* against him, some day. But newspapers are the same the world over, Miss Ankeroo. Just think of one of them publishing a rumor that Mr. Effingham's *Comanche* has gone up to China as a slaver, after Coolies! I wonder if young Belmore has seen that, yet?"

"I'm sure I can't say, It's too ridiculous for any one's notice. But, Mr. Dodge," said Miss Ankeroo, with more alertness of manner, "I can't help observing that you refer very often to this young man. Perhaps Mr. Effingham has not told you, that Colonel Daryl knew my cousin Julia's family well, in his youth, when he and this monkeyfied Dr. Hedland were on a visit to the United States together. To tell the whole truth, the Colonel was a great admirer of a sister of Mrs. Effingham, now dead.—We are so few here, in this wild place, who speak the same language and can associate with each other, that I see no sense in having any mystification amongst ourselves.—Well, at Batavia we became acquainted with Mr. Belmore; and he happened to be at Singapore, too, convalescing from a slight sunstroke; and here, in Borneo, the chapter of accidents makes us find his uncle, the Colonel. It is an exceptional, Gypsyfied kind of life we are all leading; the very houses are more like tents than like permanent habitations; and, of course, what English-speaking people there are in such a community must naturally be more or less like one family."

This long speech was designed to restrain at least one temporary member of the limited community in question, from judging immediate social aspects as though they had been presented by the normal good society of a Christian country. The gentleman from Singapore fully appreciated the feminine tact of its inspiration, and his shrewd hazel eyes lighted with a certain humorous perception, also.

"Nothing can be clearer than that," he said, with an assenting nod. "I know how it is with myself, yet, in Singapore: any one coming to 'The United Straits' with straight English on his tongue, is immediately a cousin, at least, in my affections. So it's a sunstroke, is it, that keeps our young sailor-friend so long off his ship?"

"I've understood," returned the lady primly, "that Mr. Belmore had what they call the 'coast fever,' three or four years ago, when his vessel was at Tripoli. He has never been perfectly strong since, and I suppose his sunstroke, in the Java Sea, may be attributed to that."

Mr. Dodge raised himself in his chair, to glance with wider range, for a moment, through the handiest window; but whether to ascertain within how close an earshot Mrs. Effingham was sitting, or to assure himself that the audible talkers in the garden were not approaching, did not seem clear.

"Even sailors must expect to be sunstruck sometimes, I suppose," he observed; "but I needn't ask if it ever occurs to you, at all, that the Lieutenant may be daughter-struck."

Miss Ankeroo's spectacles concentrated upon his face in a searching focus, and the trim educator of youth tapped the bridge of her shapely little nose with a professional wooden lead-pencil.

"Do you know, Mr. Dodge," said she, musingly, "I fancy, at times, that I can detect a gleam of meaning in what you say? Do you really think—"

"No ma'm, not at all," struck in the possible mischief-maker, in haste to redeem himself: "I never had a dozen thoughts in all my life, but think the visual line that

girds me round, the world's extreme.—Pollock's 'Course of Time.' Did you ever read Pollock, Miss Ankeroo? —Because, if you ever did—don't!"

"I do declare!" exclaimed Cousin Sadie, rising impatiently from her chair and tucking the dictionary under a plump left arm. "What is the use of ever trying to talk sense to a man! If you could join my Dyak Sunday Bible-class, sir, I might teach you to be serious for once!"

He had a genuine desire to propitiate this quick-minded, yellow-haired, comely little Yankee woman. She had been an object of real, homelike pleasantness to his sight from the hour when he first set eyes upon her; and now, as she stood there, on the mat by the table, so coolly neat in her close-fitting, practical dress of brown Hollands; a very becoming flush of momentary temper on her wholesome face; he would have given anything not to have started her off. Yet—such is the power of trivial mental habit—he could *not* help saying:

"Sinner, turn; why will you 'Dyak'?"

A door opened and shut sharply, in token of Miss Ankeroo's unspeakably disdainful retirement: leaving Mr. Dodge ample leisure to repent, in solitude, and then betake himself to preparation for the dinner that was to preface his embarkation for Singapore.

But other conversation, indistinct murmurs whereof had partly suggested the one already given, went on yet in the garden; where, seated, at colloquial distance, upon a rustic bamboo settee, in the shade of the durian tree, Miss Effingham and Lieutenant Belmore enjoyed the rising afternoon breeze together.

It seems that there should be opportunity to give a pretty picture here. No setting could have been more suggestive to the artistic instinct, more grateful to the artistic eye, than the palm-roofed house and its creeper-loaded palisade inclosure; the former lifted into a pavilion-like effect by its supporting natural colonnade, and showing against a background of lofty, umbrella-shaped tree-tops, rock-patched mountain jungle and fleece of dappled sky, like some primitive ark stranded half way up its vernal regenerated Ararat; the latter shutting out waterside declivity, squalid Malayan town, and the sweep of circumjacent wilderness, from within living green walls to a spacious quadrangular valley of yellow paths, sumptuous banks of flowers strange and familiar, and occasional graceful tree-ferns, fruit palms and elm-like altitudes of rustling verdure, seen only in the Tropics.

Half in the dense, cool shadows of gigantic Nypa, majestic durian, or delicate mangosteen; half in the full, mellow light of an equatorial afternoon; the cosmopolitan rose, jessamine, veronica and lily shared their fertile beds with chumpaka, kenangee, and other odorous, brilliant plants of an eternal summer. Ferns of every size and shape, from the low clump of emerald fans to the great pandanus shaft of leaves large enough for sails, made flower-lighted groves to the eye at every turn; and across floral bank and foot-path, from stem of palm to bough of fruit-tree, swung luxuriant ropes of the milky jantawon creeper. The choicest natural growths of the soil had been reinforced here by treasures from the fine Botanical Garden of Singapore, under the enthusiastic skill of the negro, Ambrose; and the quick result in that climate of the Equator was a feast of color and palmed form possible only in the teeming lands of the sun.

Scarcely satisfactory could be any picture in words of a scene so combining civilized design and rank wildness that the abruptness of the association imparted an

effect of strangeness to ordinarily familiar objects, and made unaccustomed features the stranger from the juxtaposition. Pictorial efforts in language must always be more confusing than definitely graphic to the imagination, when dealing with sights, or forms, greatly unlike whatsoever the minds appealed to can recall of their own past perceptions. It is by graphic strokes of the familiar, even in his most foreign delineations, that the successful word-painter conveys a clear and compact image of that which he describes; and where, both elementally and consummately, all is practically strange, the receptive intelligence can perceive but a vague generalization of effect in which there is little informing soul of realizing detail.

Applying this rule to literature descriptive of persons, the inference is, that the vividdest pen-picture of an individual can reproduce to the mental eye only the superficialities of feature, form and dress; for each human being has characteristic details of expression, manner and complete aspect in some wise different from those of any other mortal. These differences in which all distinctive individuality of character exists, can be illustrated to the reader by no suggestions of familiar comparison, any more than the distinguishing details of leaf and branch in one oak-tree can be imaginatively realized with exactness by reference to any or all other oak-trees. If it is impossible for a painter to make an accurate picture literally from even the most minutely elaborate description of remotely foreign landscapes wholly unknown to his observation, it is equally impracticable for an artist to draw exactly the most masterly example of human character-portrayal from print. Both painter and draughtsman must idealize more, or less, to supply the inevitable deficiency of comprehensible graphic definiteness on the part of the writer, and, to that extent, make the pictures their own. Thus, the cleverest book-illustrations, whether of Travel or Romance, owe as much to the artist's imaginations as to the author's delineations; and even the romancer himself, if he chances to be a draughtsman also, can seldom draw from his own descriptions a picture coming anywhere near what he would have it particularly represent.

To this day Borneo is so much a land of anomalous mystery for the civilized world, save only in a mere segment of its vast circumference of coast, that even literary voyagers assuming to be the most familiar with the few ports and provinces accessible to Europeans, halt curiously in all their attempts to describe such a characteristic view, for instance, as is presented by a Borneon forest. The reason is, that such a forest rarely suggests any one single familiarity of usual Tropical description that can be seized upon to help either writer or reader to an associatively expressible idea of its novel effect to the eye. Palm and jungle are but indefinite sky and groundwork of a scene infinite in its striking diversities from forests beheld elsewhere in the Tropics themselves, and which can be represented by no familiar types of delineation. A story like the present one, having its principal action in a country so scarcely describable, can achieve little more exactness of pictorial illustration than may exist in its fidelity of general local color. As for its actors, it is a question whether or not they have all thus far interpreted themselves with sufficient definiteness of detail to be clear individual existences in the reader's apprehension.

Now here, within sight of us at this moment—made strange by the surrounding of such a landscape, and making it the stranger by their presence—are Mrs. Effingham, sitting at her needlework on the veranda,

under the palm eaves—a graceful bending figure robed in dark barege; Ambrose, in straw hat and brown linen, bowing his glistening black face to the weeding of a bed near the palisade-opening toward the river, with Cherubino beside him in the usual cap and checks, putting maddening inquiries for the cause of every movement; and, on the bamboo sofa in the shade of the wild durion tree, the young naval officer in gold-laced cap, blue camlet coat, sword-belt and white trousers, and the daughter of the house in fleecy pink, with her black curls gathered back by a ribbon into one rippling mass beneath the farther curve of a Leghorn "Gypsy" hat. Of these, the mute abstracted needle-worker on the veranda should have shown for herself, by this time, a sufficiently suggestive personality; even the small-boy may, perhaps, be distinctively developed as a positive irritant; but how much more than a larger boy has been seen in the invalided lieutenant of the *Cressy*, and how much more than a pretty school-girl in his fair companion? Indeed the two have yet to be found working out their own illustrations, from outline to full figure, and here, in this garden in Borneo, let them begin it.

"Every day my uncle is more urgent that I shall return to duty," were the words the young man was saying, as a previously somewhat desultory talk went on, "and I have coaxed the Rajah to allow me to go with him on the Bruni expedition, as a volunteer, so that I may have at least a fortnight longer on this delightful island. After that, I really must go back to Singapore, I suppose, to look for my ship."

With hands clasped, the one arm hanging and the other across the back of the seat, he sat with face toward her and a pathetically deploring expression upon it. Sitting slightly forward, measuring a fan mechanically between finger-tips in her lap, her charming head turned far enough in his direction for ingenuous communion of eyes, she heard and saw his regret with unaffected sympathy.

"We shall all be so sorry to have you go," she said. "Mamma and you get along so well together, and Papa and cousin Sadie take your kindness about their Singapore mails and other things so much as a matter of course, that we shall be fairly homesick without you."

"I don't want you to think me conceited, Miss Effingham," returned he; "but, upon my word, you know, I hope the event will go a little hard with *you*, particularly."

"Oh, I shall be more than sorry," cried the girl, without the least coquettish pretense of reserve in the matter. "You have been so good to us, so thoughtful for us in every way, in this strange country, that it will not seem half so pleasant and safe to me when you are gone. How could it?"

Belmore was not distinctly conscious of having been able to exercise any marked protective power in the case; but it was very grateful to his masculine instinct that feminine helplessness should so innocently credit him with it. He did not detect quite what he coveted, however, in her unhesitating gratitude.

"I wonder how long you'd be sorry if we never should meet again?" he went on, with a weak relapse into some of his old boyishness. "After this little picnic of ours, to-morrow, I shall turn fighting-character once more, and smell gunpowder. There is no doubt, they say, that the rebel pangeran up at Bruni—Usop, I believe, his outlandish name is—will give our ships a warm reception. I may be killed, you know."

A momentary, undefinable change passed over Miss Effingham's sensitive countenance; but before her

watchful observer could fairly catch it she shocked him with a little peal of laughter.

"I don't believe it, Mr. Belmore," was her comment, with a sportive shake of the head.

"May I ask why?" (With some dignity.)

"Because I feel sure that if you thought so, yourself, you wouldn't go."

She laughed again, and, after an instant's blushing impulse of resentment, Belmore frankly gave way to merriment also.

"Dear me! I'm afraid you're too right," he confessed, with another blush. "Perhaps if I knew that there was actually a bullet billeted for me at Bruni, I shouldn't be quite so brave. But you ought not to be so cruel to a poor fellow's little vanity, Miss Effingham, when you must know, very well, that if I am particularly willing to live just now, it is because I want to see you again."

"Then there really will not be much danger where you are going—will there?" asked Abretta, the least possible deeper tint rising to her cheeks, and her manner the least bit fluttered.

"Oh, I may only lose an arm, or some trifle of that kind," the lieutenant began; but he was far too soft-hearted to work long upon any one's feelings, even in such a case as this, and closed his pretended forebodings with a laugh designed to drive away the gravity beginning to show in the expressive black eyes meeting his cloudless blue ones.

"You are too kind to us to wish us to be unhappy about you," answered the young lady, responding rather to his manner than to his words.

"I hope I am. Only—only—you see, it's natural for one like myself to want his friends to care a little for what happens to him. You can scarcely imagine, Miss Effingham, how new and pleasant my experiences have been to me since I met your family in Java," he continued, with increasing earnestness and a fall in his voice. "Losing both of my parents while I was only a boy yet, and going into the navy as soon afterward as possible, I am quite a savage in my ignorance of home-life and gentle society. Uncle Will has never given me much encouragement to cultivate what social opportunities there are for an officer of my grade in foreign ports. He tells me that, until I am at least a captain, I shall only be tolerated from general respect for the service, and should feel too much pride in our respectable descent to enjoy that kind of notice. There never was a more benevolently unsordid nature than his, in most things; but he is extraordinarily bitter over the heartlessness of society, all the world round, for poor gentlemen. Of course I have been greatly influenced by him, and have fought shy of anything like social patronage. This is why my acquaintance here with you, and your father and mother and cousin, has been a perfect novelty, as well as a delight to me. Your father plainly don't care a pin whether I'm an admiral or a boatswain, and your mother makes me feel all the time as though I wanted her to know everything about me that I know myself. Then there's Miss Ankeroo, who lets me get books and things for her from Singapore, when I know that she'd treat me like a forward boy if I was not in her good graces to a special degree. I sha'n't say what it has been to me to know *you*, yourself, Miss Effingham; because we've been two young folks together, and, for one, I am bold enough to say that it's beyond any happiness I ever dreamed could be possible; but don't you see how naturally I hate to tear myself away now, and long to believe that you'll all be sorry to have me go?"

Abretta listened to this honest expression with a sympathy showing undisguised in her look of responsive interest; yet when it was her impulse to answer with the free warmth of a sister to a brother, some instinctive embarrassment suddenly turned her speech to awkwardness:

"It is natural, I think, to—to—like those who like us," she said, uneasily twirling her fan, and looking down. In a moment, however, youth's impatience with sensations it cannot understand made her raise her eyes fearlessly again to his, and she added: "There is not one of us, Mr. Belmore, who will not be anxious every hour while you are at Bruni. I don't see why my being a girl should make me ashamed of good human feeling, and I'll say, for myself, that I wish you were not going where there is to be any fighting." Before he could put into words what the brightening of his face intimated, she hurried to a diversion: "But will you have your uncle with you?"

"No, he will remain here until the Expedition has done its work, and then he expects to meet me at Singapore."

"He must be a very kind, good man, at heart, from what you have told us of him," proceeded Miss Effingham, with some remaining precipitancy of tone. "I thought him cold and inclined to what I took for a very pronounced military hauteur, when he first came here with the Rajah. Who could wonder at it, though, when he mistook mamma for my poor Aunt Caroline?"

"There, you see, is another reason why I should feel particularly drawn toward you all, Miss Effingham—that curious romance of Uncle Will's with your family, so many years ago," suggested the young officer, with renewed animation. "It must have been a pretty serious matter to affect the whole life of a man like him. I'm sure our elders don't let you and me into half the seriousness of it. There's an old story, I've heard, about his jumping recklessly off a boat in the river, before he left the States, to save somebody's life; and while that would be very like him in a general way, there is a suggestion in the story, as I remember it, that he would just as soon have lost his own life as not. Besides, he seems to me to have grown four or five years older since he came up here from Singapore with Mr. Wise. I think that the meeting with your mother, Miss Effingham, has been a saddening revival of some especially bitter memory for him."

"Why, you know, he had not heard before that Aunt Caroline was dead," said Abretta.

"And your aunt—oh, I am sure she could not have been one to trifle with the feelings of such a man!"

"The ladies of our family have always been ladies, Mr. Belmore," Abretta reminded him, with offended grandiloquence.

"Beg your pardon—I shall never doubt that. If I thought otherwise; knowing as I do what a lifelong martyr from some early great unhappiness my Uncle has been," he added, involuntarily straightening and flushing, "I could not have any very kind thoughts for the people or the country associated with a wrong to my best living friend—my second father!"

The long-lashed girlish eyes in the shade of the "Gypsy" hat dilated as he spoke, and the short upper-lip gave the faintest suggestion of a curl. The youthful pair were separately English and American at some possible points of thought, and none the less so because the Englishman was descended from an American great-grandmother.

"As my Aunt was incapable of knowingly injuring any one, and is dead," remarked Miss Effingham, tap-

ping her delicate chin with the fan, and casting a look toward where her mother now stood on the veranda, "I think we may suppose that you need not be prejudiced against our country on her account. If your Uncle, who seems so noble in some respects, can allow himself to give way to the usual English injustice to America, and be a blighted character all his life, because an American lady either refused him her hand, or did not give him enough encouragement to ask for it, he must be weaker than I have ever thought a high-minded man and especially a brave soldier, could be."

"Probably we are both of us too young to judge a man like my Uncle, Miss Effingham," intimated the nephew, with lofty coldness.

"That may be true, sir. I do not pretend to any particular competence for estimating character; but I know what I admire, and the grandest Englishman, to my eyes, that I have ever seen, is the Rajah."

The poor young sailor's heart was already sick within him at this first little ruffle in their ideal friendship—as it had been to him—and the last fine touch of feminine temper failed to cut when he saw the pathetic quaver of lip and eyelid by which it was incongruously accompanied.

"Now I have offended you, great goose that I'm always making of myself," he pleaded, penitentially.

"There's Mamma coming to meet us," the girl said, rising.

"Only one minute more!" he exclaimed, rising also, and placing himself between her and the approaching matron, with his back to the latter. "I can't stand it to have you angry with me—I'd sooner ask your pardon on my knees! After the pic-nic to-morrow we may never meet again. Who knows? Now won't you just say it's all right again, before your mother comes?"

Those black eyes which he so admired evaded his challenge for an instant, and then impulsively met it with a bright smile.

"Cousin Sadie would call us a pair of stupid!" she said, blushing and laughing very prettily together; and Belmore knew that it was "all right again."

"My dear, is it not time for you to be preparing for dinner?" asked Mrs. Effingham, coming up to them in her usual tranquil, unhurried way.

"That's a hint for me, too; isn't it?" said the young man. "I never know when to leave when I am here."

"And must you go now? Can't you dine with us, Mr. Belmore?"

"A thousand thanks; but I'm pledged to Uncle Will to-day. Be good enough, won't you, Mrs. Effingham? to tell Mr. Dodge that I'll row out to the schooner and bid him good-by. Until the pic-nic, then, ladies, adieu!"

He lifted his cap, caught the younger lady's glance for an instant as a final reassurance, and, with a bow, turned down the path to the river.

And mother and daughter watched him as he went; two figures looking ethereally picturesque and artistic in the softening shadow of the durian; while the upright elastic form going from them in the beating sunlight was as luminous, over flower-banks and through palm-leaves, by contrast, as a hasty young day, leaving twilight and its veiled stars behind him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PIC-NIC AT THE FORT.

IF all of the houses erected for Europeans on the hills and knolls about Kuchin, during the first three or four years of the English Rajahship, had been occupied

by the full families of their owners, the Christian society of the town would not have lacked a sufficiently proportionate feminine element to assure and maintain the usual refined sociabilities of civilized life. But such was not the case. A majority of the new, Swiss-cottage-like structures were scarcely more than the lodgings of members of the Rajah's staff; or the bachelor-halls of English, or Dutch, traders who had been attracted from Singapore, Java, or even India, by the rising commercial fame of Sarāwak; or the business-offices of agents of some of the more enterprising general shippers of the Archipelago. To these residents the place had yet somewhat the temporary character of an encampment, and the married ones postponed the calling of their wives and children thither until they could, at any rate, be more sure of the permanence of their own stay. Nevertheless, a few of the more sanguine and positive white comers, from ports not far away, brought their families with them, and their households contained the only English-speaking members of the gentler sex to whom those arriving later could look for womanly countenance. If the American ladies had been less capable than they were of finding much compensation for this peculiar social situation in its suggestive novelty, their experience of life in Borneo, limited as it was to be, would have been intolerably constrained and lonely. But they had gone thither with an intelligent appreciation of the exceptional conditions to be encountered; chose rather to submit to them in any supposable phase than be separated from husband and father; and were quite willing to bear their utmost strangeness for the sake of looking on, for a while, at the progress of one of the most remarkable passages in modern history.

When, therefore, the local social outlook was found to be exactly what these fair visitors might have expected, they adapted themselves cheerfully to its limitations. Mr. Effingham's early acquaintance with two or three of the Europeans with families led presently to such amenities between his and their ladies as were practicable in a community where the river was the most eligible way to the house of one's nearest civilized neighbor. Perhaps once a week Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, or Mrs. Effingham and Miss Ankeroo, were rowed in a mat-canopied sampan, under guardianship of the phlegmatic Berner, for an afternoon call upon the Mertons, or the Von Camps (as they may be named for present purposes); or received like aquatic courtesies from the dames and damsels of those friendly houses in their own home. If the visiting-list was soon exhausted, it had, for that very reason, a charm of its own; and the roundabout navigation involved, by reason of there being no sign of such a thing as either street or road in the whole province of Sarāwak, would have made a wider range of inter-visitation scarcely desirable under a Borneon sun.

The "pic-nic" suggested by Mr. Belmore to signalize his last day in Kuchin, prior to the Bruni expedition, was to include Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Merton, and Mr. and Mrs. Von Camp, who, with the Effinghams and himself (Cousin Sadie declining) would make a party congenial, if small. Miss Merton being at once juvenile and unavoidable, it was also decided to include Master Cherubino for her casual neutralization; and the objective point of the watery journey was to be an old Malay fort on the river-bank, about two miles down the turn of the stream below the town, where, in the days of the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, many a savage battle had been fought.

When, on the afternoon appointed for this simple fes-

tival, the private boats of the three families were marshaled opposite the Effingham house, for a start, it was observed that the Lieutenant, all attired in snowy duck, had brought a boat much in style like an English wherry, with an awning of striped blue-and-white cloth over the middle, on movable iron rods.

"I've borrowed it of a Company's light cruiser down below, at the anchorage," he explained, even before being asked; "for, as I'm a sailor, you know, I want to do a little rowing, myself."

The other craft were canoes with peaked canopies of matting over two midship seats, and high stems and sterns, at each of which stood a lithe Dyak waterman with a paddle.

"You see, I can take the two little people with me, if they can be trusted in that way," continued this obliging young man. "Though, to be sure," he added, as though suddenly struck by the idea, "I suppose it would be safer if some one else should be with us."

"I should say, that the less load you have, the less will be your chance for another sunstroke, Mr. Belmore," observed Mr. Effingham, dryly.

"And I would advise you, sir, to take our lightest weight with you, at any rate," said stout and amiable Mr. Von Camp, who saw, as they all did, what he wanted.

"Well, I never could talk my way to anything dexterously," laughed the young Englishman, in some confusion. "The plain fact is, I do want Miss Effingham to let me be her boatman this time."

"Honestly said, lad!" cried Mr. Merton, a little, light-haired exile from Manchester, attired, like the other elders, in a thin blue suit and straw hat. "If the young lady can resist that, I'm mistaken."

"And she's so light," chorused Mrs. Von Camp and Mrs. Merton, with admirable good nature.

"I suppose all four of the children must go together, for once," assented Mrs. Effingham, looking smilingly at her husband; and, as he graciously nodded, and the sailor extended a hand, Abretta demurely stepped into the wherry with the small people.

In any country of polite usages the scheme of transit necessitated in this excursion by water would have been ludicrous; for the several married pairs embarked each in its respective native boat; all three of the husbands carrying fire-arms with them, as though duck-shooting might be a purpose of the unsociably distributed party. Berner, with the hampers and two aboriginal subordinates, went ahead in a separate canoe to assure practicable ingress for them at the designated landing; the wherry led the family procession, because its oarsman was to be the professional guide, and then followed, in line, the other boats.

But in the scenery of a wilderness, where the overwhelming preponderance and massive complications of inanimate Nature make the native man comparatively as insignificant as the commonest brute of his own forest, and the human intruder, from without, little more imposing than a mere automaton of petty incongruity, the less ostentation of civilized state there is in the conventional forms observed by casual Christian invaders, the less unfortunately conspicuous is the suggestion of so many minnows assuming importance upon their advent to an unexplored ocean.

The appropriateness of the spectacle presented by the foreign water-party under consideration was in its modest acceptance of appearances in keeping with the silent spirit of the scene; the very hiding of the dresses of civilization under the tent-like awnings of mats on the canoes being a happy concession to the consistency of Nature's eternal harmony. The Dyak figures at the

up-curling prows and almost vertical sterns of the native boats,—in conical hats of plaited rattan, and sleeveless striped frocks, belted at waist with red sarongs tied scarf-wise,—were in chromatic as well as bodily consonance with the picture all round; and while the white-clad, temporarily hatless young English rower and his wherry certainly jarred upon the esthetic sense, the forms of children—always, like flowers, consistent in any hues or modes of dress with any vernal clime—and of the girl, in her graceful broad hat and neutral-tinted muslin,—softened even them into a kind of allowably fantastic relief to the scenic monotone.

To splash and prismatic spray of British oar and Borneon paddle, the course of the little voyage was past the riverside campons of the Chinese and Malayan populace and through a swarm of watercraft great and small in the anchorage overlooked by the Rajah's house. Near the *Welleveden* was the English corvette destined to start with the ruler of Sarawak for Bruni on the morrow, and from the several small boats plying busily back and forth between it and the government wharf more than one naval officer waved a hand to Belmore.

"They are my coming shipmates, you know," observed that gentleman to Miss Effingham.

But tide-washed town, and picturesque fleet, and rolling green heights on either side with bamboo Swiss-cottages among the palms, were soon left behind. Between narrowing banks of dense jungle, mighty *Nypas* and snake-rooted mangroves, the little flotilla went on down the watery valley, in the grateful shadow of hills showing every tint that sunlight can produce on interposing verdure. Even in this nearness to familiar human habitation and protection, there was a solitary wildness in the view on every hand, a suggestiveness of unimaginable savage mystery in this mere covert verge of vast and unknown Borneo, that disposed the strange voyagers more to wrapt contemplation than to speech.

Perhaps, however, the never leg-wearied Cherubino did not come wholly under this rule; for, after a series of unsmiling climbing and stumbling revolutions around the doll-like Miss Merton in the middle of the boat, during which he cross-examined her as to why she wore each article of dress or ornament that he could indicate with a moistened forefinger, the inquiring child suddenly realized that his older companions particularly desired to remain quiet, and, accordingly, found himself irresistibly impelled to address them. With one of those abrupt changes of attention from one object to another so often astonishing the nerves of elderly childless observers of children, the boy discontinued an attempt to look Miss Merton out of countenance with his nose almost touching hers, in order to lurch startlingly to the side of the boat and stare intently at the shore.

"Why, I don't see any monkeys!" he cried, with a shrill emphasis on the personal pronoun, as though the presence of a multitude of indigenous simiae in the overhanging trees had been specially announced by somebody else.

"Look into the water, and you'll see one," muttered the indignantly disenchanting Lieutenant.

In childlike unconsciousness of the sarcasm intended by this piece of advice, the literal Cherub forthwith folded so long a section of his upper-person so far over the wherry's edge in search of the predicted animal, that his sister sprang toward him with a cry of alarm, and his affrighted adviser "caught a crab" with his oars in a spasmodic effort to row and rescue simultaneously.

"Oh, 'Bino, how disagreeable you can be!" was the sisterly expression of feeling, as the active little fellow, summarily drawn back by his waistband, braced himself perpendicularly again across the boat, in the shape of a spiked check triangle.

"Then why didn't they let Nellie Merton and me go in the boat with Berner?" asked the Cherub, in a tone of reproachful inquiry. "But I know why, 'Bretta," he added, before any one else could speak—"Mr. Belmore took us along because he wanted you in his boat, I'll bet you!"

What rebuke is ever adequate for frenzied words of this preternaturally regardless description from the mercilessly guileless lips of unpurchasable childhood? Miss Effingham attempted none, but turned dangerously sparkling eyes and burning cheeks away from all who could see them. The Lieutenant, rowing suddenly harder, as for his life, fixed a stony look upon the top of Miss Merton's straw "flat," and murmured something wistful of deep-sea soundings for a "detestable little beggar." The small-boy whistled indefinitely for a moment over the ruin he had wrought; and, then, finding a nail amongst the numerous other necessities of life in one of his pockets, was blighted into blessed quietude, for nearly five minutes, by the despairing hopelessness of obtaining a hammer to drive it into the handiest wooden surface.

Where, at last, a landing was to be effected, the river indented the shore in a softly surging pool, blackening into vague dimness of outline in the shadow of dense overhanging foliage. A tongue of land, carrying mangroves, jungle and wild pepper bushes, or vines, to its very tip, traversed the arrested waters for a short distance and was washed on the other side by a brook-like tributary stream, winding through thicket and forest as far as the sunlight could be seen upon it. Between the extremity of the little cape and the converging opposite bank, a great "boom" of tree-trunks, lashed together with rattan and secured by ropes of cocoa fibre, had once obstructed the Sarawak against the invading prahus of head-hunting Sea-Dyaks; while the six pounders and swivels of a fort situated to command either side of the headland were designed no less to repel possible internal assailants from up the river, than the Illanaons, or Giloloans, or Sakarrans, sallying in from the ocean.

Debarking at an opening that had been cut through the jungle growth by the parang-latoks of Berner's native pioneers, the boating visitors made their way, between trees fairly webbed over by creepers, into what had once been a stronghold of the bandhara Muda Hassim's Malayan fighters. It was a quadrangular clearing in the thicket, fifty feet across, inclosed to about the height of a man's head in stout piles, against which the weedy turf and earth dug from the centre had been packed in a smooth slant, save where shallow embrasures were left for partly imbedding the guns. Less than half a dozen years of abandonment had turned this dismantled fortification of the headland woods into a symmetrically terraced hollow of matted grass, weed and ground-vine, giving a grateful spring to the foot. Encompassing the sides of the shelving green square were palms, all varying in altitudes and umbrageous contours, between which the water gleamed from three points and the darkening vistas of the inland wood were discernible at the fourth.

Mats from the boats were spread upon the grassy slopes, and Berner and his men actually carried their canoe from the water into the fort, where it served at once for cupboard, wine-cellar and table. No one, however, was immediately inclined to sit. The three married

gentlemen made early excuses to stroll out of a former rear passage, or sally-port, with their guns, on the chance of finding something interesting to shoot; the children lost no time in clambering to one of the embrasures, and Lieutenant Belmore, left not reluctantly to be the squire of dames, led the ladies by an easy ascent to one of the merlons of the old battlement, where, in safe view of Cherubino and Miss Nellie, a favorable sight of adjacent and lower objects might be obtained.

Mrs. Merton and Mrs. Von Camp had seen the place before; but to the Effinghams this was their first near acquaintance with a true Tropical wilderness. Abretta and her mother gazed with eager interest at the dim forest-opening so close at hand, and the older lady remarked that it was curious to find a fort thus backing upon a covert in which legions of enemies might crawl safely to its very walls.

"Ah, that is because the whole fighting genius of Borneo is seagoing," answered the sailor. "On land, both the Malays and the Dyaks Laut are comically miserable warriors; they have no tactics as soldiers, know nothing of military engineering, and European troops would have only to mow them down with grape-shot and musketry; but put twenty to fifty of them into each of those prahus of theirs, give them their sumptuous, spear-hooks, krisses and noisy tom-toms, and they are formidable foes for either ship becalmed or sleeping waterside village. A fort to repel them needs only to be on guard toward the sea, and difficult enough of access from thence to prevent any compact rush of the landing pirates. In the jungle, amongst the trees, between this and the water, in front and on both sides, pointed bamboo sticks, called patobongs, or ranjows, were planted thickly to cut the feet of advancing enemies. Sometimes, too, holes, like those tiger-pits we saw out of Singapore, are dug for the entrapment of the besiegers, covered carefully with weeds and having sharp stakes set upright at the bottom. But then, in a great majority of cases, if the piratical ruffians know that there is any kind of a fort in readiness for them, and they cannot pass it by water, not much is to be feared from their attacks. I daresay that, with the 'boom' there used to be in the river, a few awkward shots between the trees, from the guns in these battlements, were enough to send fifty pirate prahus rowing back to sea."

"I have often wondered," said Abretta, "how these pirates, in such boats and with such weapons, could ever capture large commercial vessels with arms on board."

"Generally, they have succeeded by night-surprises, or by pouncing treacherously upon ships disabled by storm, or wreck," returned the Lieutenant. "The two English sailors whose release we are going up to Bruni to demand, were carried off from a wreck on the northern coast by some of Pangeran Usop's miscreants. Along the whole three thousand miles of this immense island's coast the shore is virtually one great water-jungle, in which the pirate craft can lie securely hidden and from which they can dart out at any passing prey. If they find the latter prepared and too strong for them, they may fire a shot or so with their antiquated bow-chasers, or swivels; but, generally, they row right away against the wind, and so, of course, cannot be overtaken by sail. Rajah Brooke's *Royalist* was fired on, one night, as she went up to Bruni."

"No more such work as that, since our great Rajah and Captain Keppel gave them a taste of English gunpowder last year and the year before," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, patriotically.

"It certainly did them a world of good, Mrs. Merton; but it's to be feared that they'll require more, yet, before those Arab shereef leaders of theirs realize that their day is finally over."

"If the Rajah would only catch and execute a few of those same shereefs," suggested Mrs. Von Camp.

"Has Mr. Brooke ever ordered the execution of any one, Mr. Belmore?" inquired Abretta.

"No.—Or, that is, not directly, I believe," replied the young man. "He has in co-operation with him, you know, the native magistrates called the Bandhara, or officer of State, the Patingi, or officer of War, and the Tumangong, or chief of Admiralty affairs. Until he can complete a code of his own, he governs by what is known as the Oudong-Oudong, or old written Native law. Cases have come up under this law two or three times, when, by the judgment of the magistrates, death was the penalty. Not feeling justified in setting aside the law, Mr. Brooke allowed it to take its course, and the culprits were walked into the jungle behind your present charming home, Miss Effingham—that was while it was the Government House—and there krissed to death."

"Horrible!" murmured Miss Effingham, with a shudder.

"I should not have told you that, perhaps," said Belmore, compunctiously. "But let me add, that the prisoners were atrocious, irreclaimable wretches, and that the punishment is really very merciful. The kris is placed with the point over the heart, and a single sharp blow on the hilt is said to produce death instantaneously."

"We seem to have drifted into an unpleasant branch of the subject—chiefly through your too personal question, my dear," interposed Mrs. Effingham. "Are not those our gentlemen below?"

From the base of the green wall upon which they were standing there was a slight descent to the edge of the main woodland. Into the latter Mr. Effingham and his companions had penetrated as far as high military boots and reasonably vigorous aggressiveness of limb might assure progression; but even the parang-latoks of the attendant Dyaks could assist such laborious travel only to a very limited extent. If mere jungle gave way to the keen edges and powerful leverage of these weapons, like grass under scythes, it was not so easy to cut avenues between mighty trees, enormous tree-bushes, and dense brakes of gigantic reeds, all in such close proximity to each other, and so wound round and round with endless ropes of creepers, that only a large body of woodmen could have opened farther passage through them. When it is necessary to clear a space in a Bornean forest, no ordinary tree can be brought down singly. After chopping partly through a multitude of trunks with their peculiar little adzes, the Dyaks select the tallest and stoutest tree to be found on the outer edge of the designed clearing, and make its resistless fall the means of bringing down the whole creeper-ensnarled system of lesser woods. So it was that the three gentlemen got no deeper in their sylvan stroll than to be more or less distinctly visible, yet, to the group on the neglected battlement. While that group was descending to rejoin them through the primitive sally-port, they went on with the conversation that had begun at their enforced halt.

"To see the birds and beasts belonging here," Mr. Von Camp was saying, from his general experience as an Archipelago traveler, "one must come at about sunrise, or near sunset. Excepting the wild hogs, and, possibly, the cucans, or Malayan lemons, the beasts

keep silent and out of sight for the main part of the day, especially in the forest-edges likely to have human visitors. At morning and evening, however, the birds and monkeys set up a terrible hubbub, and can be seen in flocks and troupes among the high branches."

"There are no orang-outans, I believe, in the whole Sarāwak valley," Mr. Merton observed; "yet they are plentiful to the west of us, in Sambas, and to the east, along the Sadong."

"The reason for that was explained to me after I had seen the amazing creatures in the trees of Simunjon," said Mr. Effingham. "The Malays of Songi village, on a branch of the Sadong, told me that the mias is found only in forests where the land is marshy as well as level. The forests on the Simunjon river, a branch of the Sadong, and over the whole twenty miles between that and the seacoast, are low and swampy; in fact the same conditions prevail through that whole mias country, for a hundred miles north and east of Sadong. In the Sarāwak valley the land is chiefly dry and hilly. The animal, as I have been informed, also, dislikes rising grounds. There are scattered hills in his forests on which the Dyak villagers cultivate fruit-trees, and these he ascends in the night-time to steal his favorite unripe durions. But only under stress for food will he have anything to do with high lands."

"It is curious," philosophized Mr. Von Camp, "that the great man-apes of Asia and Africa have coats of the same hues as the complexions of the human beings around them. In Africa they are black; in Borneo and Sumatra they are reddish yellow, like the Dyaks, or brownish black, like the Malays. If I remember rightly, in South America the same rule holds good."

"You and Dr. Hedland should compare notes, Mr. Von Camp," said Mr. Effingham.

"Ah, by the way, you have seen the Doctor's famous prize. What did you think of the creature?"

"Oshonsee is a great, a wonderful curiosity. I never before saw anything in brute form so humiliatingly like our species."

The ladies and their naval escort now came picking their way with some difficulty to the shadowy game-preserve, and at once indulged in much pleasant banter upon the failure of the gun-bearers to distinguish themselves as sportsmen. Then followed an hour of such very limited rambling as was practicable over ground so stubbly and amongst growths so slightly penetrable. Lieutenant Belmore gallantly exhausted his utmost local information to entertain the fair patrons of his picnic plot with objects previously known to him. The parang-latok of one of the Dyak peasants was examined, and shown to be something like a long razor, tapering from tip to haft and bent to an angle with the hilt. To cut crops, or jungle, and to sever a pig at one blow, this sharp instrument was equally adapted; differing from the parang-ihlang, or Dyak war-sword, principally, in being rounded at the point like a knife-blade, and having the angular, or razor-like, junction with the handle. Through intervals of other trees, Sago and Areca palms could also be pointed out in the distance; the latter showing a handsome blossom, and yielding an egg-shaped nut whereof the pulp is used in betel. An object resembling a Titanic inverted bush, its branches all bare and sticking into the ground, and its roots elevated high in the air, with leaves upon them, was explained as a fig-tree. The only floral displays in any way brilliant, were those of a slender shaft, perhaps thirty feet high and bushy at the top, with crimson stars blooming in thick clusters all the way up the trunk; and of some genus of parasitical plant, hanging

from a low bough in long, swaying spikes of purple spotted orange-colored flowers. These were novel and gorgeous enough in themselves, but far from being sufficient to realize the popular idea of an Equatorial forest's splendor of blossom.

Miss Effingham ingenuously exhibited her disappointment at this shortcoming, and Mr. Von Camp replied:

"There, my dear young lady," said he, "is where the world's imagination persists in being wrong. In India, in South America, in Mexico, in the West Indies, and, I dare say, in the southern part of your own country, the flowers of the forest are far more numerous and lovely than any thus far seen in this so-called Garden of the Equator; but in a given number of cultivated miles of either American, or English, or German soil, you may find such riches of blooming plants as the most luxuriant wilderness never presents. It is laborious human cultivation that makes flower, as well as fruit, an appreciable blessing to man. Why, look at fruit, now," continued the Anglicized Dutch philosopher, gazing round at his little audience. "In a civilized land a homeless man can find in summer woods and fields the berries, or grapes, or apples, or pears, or what not, to be food for him in variety. But here, in this region of endless summer, what does the needy native traveler choose to eat amongst all the fruits and edible growths of his vast forests? Nothing, I assure you, but 'palm cabbages,' which he makes wholesome with a little salt! Everything else for which this climate is famous, in the eatable—and even potable—line; from coffee, and nutmegs, and figs, and bananas, and mangosteens, up to cocoanuts, bread-fruit and durions; must be subjected to systematic human cultivation before even the natives care to partake of it."

"Is the bread-fruit found on this island?" inquired Mrs. Effingham.

"I think not, madame. It is best known as coming from Amboyna, a little island south of Ceram in the eastern Moluccas. In talking of 'this climate,'" added Mr. Von Camp, "I mean that of the whole East Indian Archipelago."

The ramble of the company was extended far enough across the little headland for a view some distance up the inlet entering on the farther side and winding into the wooded obscurities of the island. In patches of sunshine showing about the stream before it reached the darker arches of the leaning trees of either bank, brilliant flashes of color could be discerned traversing the white air, and might have been mistaken for small birds had not Mr. Von Camp maintained that they were ornithopterous, or bird-winged, butterflies. No boat of white men had ever attempted to go up this tributary thread of water yet; and how far it penetrated, and whether the wild hogs, deer and tiger-cats of the region came to it at night, were questions the gentlemen with the guns would have been pleased to solve if time and the occasion had been more favorable.

Upon the return to the embowered fort it was found that Berner had gone nearly into apoplexy between efforts to assure proper temperatures for the claret and sherry, and, simultaneously, keep due watch and ward over Nellie Merton and his juvenile master. Once, only, had he ventured to turn his back wholly upon the miniature flirtation in the embrasure, while giving the final touches to his canoe-sideboard; and during that brief interval the comforting Cherub had succeeded in plunging headlong from his height to the ground beyond, in a proud young endeavor to destroy Miss Merton's nerves by standing on one foot upon the extremest crumbling verge of the parapet. A custom

of not crying in such crises, lest parental or other elderly cognizance should tend to the lessening of immediate future enjoyments of the same kind, made the contused lad able to refrain from alarming noises in this instance, and the appearance of his head obliquely girded with the far more agitated Swiss butler's handkerchief was the first notification to his guardians and their friends that he had once more escaped the violent death so alert to attend the simplest acrobatic diversions of children with whom it is hard for the world to part.

There was a light luncheon, with the wine, on the mats spread over the grass. Berner had in store chicken and other cold viands, and the materials for salads; but, as dinner was to be eaten at home, so soon, fruit was the refreshment chiefly in demand.

"By the way, I've got a bit of a curiosity to show you all," remarked Mr. Merton, receiving from one of his boatmen something rolled in leaves. Throwing aside the latter he exhibited an object resembling a withered orange. "That," he continued, handing it to be passed around, "is a fruit once so common in Borneo that it gave the island its native name—Pulo Kalamantan. It is the Kalamantan, now found only in the far interior, I believe, and said to be intolerably sour eating."

"It is thought by some authorities to be the aboriginal form of the durion; a wilder species, I mean, than the wild durion of the coast," Mr. Von Camp said, not willing to be eclipsed in a field he had so lately thought principally his own.

"Have you learned how to eat durions, yet, Mrs. Effingham?" asked Belmore.

"No," said the lady, looking amused. "Peter brought one to the house soon after our arrival and—we have never cared for another experience."

The two other matrons and their husbands laughed. They knew how terrible is the odor of the great fruit when first opened—and also how easily European palates can learn to delight in the durion taste.

"It must be confessed that the preliminary aroma is a little trying," conceded the slightly disconcerted young man: "yet people who would think it grossly vulgar to partake of plain onions may become enthusiastic durion-eaters. There are several such at the Rajah's table; and, really, you know, when you come to try those positively beautiful ovals of creamy pulp, in their five satiny-white sections, they do compensate for the preceding shock to the nostrils."

"And these very durions must be improved by cultivation before they are fit for any one's taste," said Mr. Von Camp, reverting to his hobby. "So it is with the Amboyna bread-fruit. Bake it, in its cultivated state, and it eats like batter, or Yorkshire, pudding; but in its wild growth the seeds—about as large as chestnuts—are the best part of it. I've heard that it is the same with the nut-fruit of Brazil."

Assuredly the doings and conversations of these excursionists to the old Malayan fort were eccentric for a picnic; yet, in being characteristic of a little band of educated people lingering in such a way on the shore of a Bornean river, and naturally excited to greatest interest by things belonging or relating to the unwonted scenes around them, they did not affect even the projector of the pastime disappointingly. If none of the customary sentimental graces of pic-nicking were practicable, the whole tendency of the innovation was to make all the partakers seem and act like members of the one family, drawn more intimately together from the very unwontedness of everything about the

affair. Hence the naval officer was warranted at least in a general filial and fraternal assumption, as congenial to his inclinations as it would have been impracticable within more conventional circumstances. To crown all for him, the bruised condition of Cherubino led to the placing of that imperishable lad under the particular care of Berner for the homeward voyage, and little Miss Merton had the inspiration to plead successfully for a place with her parents. This left Miss Effingham to the exclusive oarsmanship of the Lieutenant—what he had been secretly pondering to bring about all the afternoon.

Thus it happened, that when the re-embarkation took place, not only were youth and maiden alone in the wherry; but, as, by a little adroit management on the part of the former, Berner's canoe was started first, the wherry, by another artless touch of a similar policy, was made to linger until the last.

"Sha'n't we have this awning down now, Miss Effingham?" queried the schemer, in a tone of undisguised satisfaction, as he suddenly rested on his oars in the wake of the parental boat. "The hills keep off the sun, you see, and you have your parasol. We can then get a so much better view of everything."

Abretta had a shy consciousness of there being some art in the whole present arrangement, and looked girlishly startled at the cessation of movement attending his proposition.

"Oh, yes: I sha'n't mind it. But do, please be quick, or they will all leave us behind," she said, uneasily.

"We can overtake them whenever we please," was his bland answer, as he proceeded to remove their canopy in very leisurely style. But the instinctive perturbation in those innocent black eyes was too much for his pretense of audacity, and, upon resuming the oars, he humbled himself in frank confession.

"Don't be unhappy because I've maneuvered a little for one, last *tête-à-tête*," was his plaintive appeal, the while he made no more exertion than was necessary to keep the boat in its softly rippling course. "It provokes me to think that I hadn't the courage to say at once to your mother, when we started this afternoon, that my true purpose in the whole boating arrangement was to have you, especially, to myself, for a while. There can be no earthly sense in all this cowardice and pretense over an absolutely harmless and natural impulse of friendship before a long separation. I'm honest enough now, at any rate, to tell you the full truth, and if you can't forgive it, why, then, so much the worse for me."

They were face to face; and, as the young man leaned toward her from the thwart, in his earnestness; resting upon his oars so long as the least impetus of the last mechanical, noiseless stroke remained; she drew back closer to her end of the boat and cast another uneasy look after the canoes.

"I've never practiced any deception with my mother, Mr. Belmore," she began, with ominous dignity, "and cannot be pleased that any one should have done so. You may rest assured, too, that if, in her judgment, there were any good reasons why we should not be left to ourselves for a short time, you could not have invented the means of deceiving her into assent."

"You can't tell me that better than I know it myself!" he retorted, penitently. "I've said that I feel shamefaced enough over the way I've plotted for what I never could have gained if you, and your mother and father—both—did not regard me as too much of a boy to be minded! And I'm so much a mere, moon-struck kind of tiresome youngster to you, yourself, Miss Effingham," he

continued with a sudden, resentful pull at the oars again—"I'm so childish, in your estimation, that you have not the remotest idea why I should have any dread of anybody's opposition to my monopoly of you for a half-hour's parting talk. I've no very distinct theory of my own about it, so far as that goes; but this I know, and confess—I simply could not go away from Sarawak without a good-by to you without witnesses; and I could not resist an overwhelming, unreasoning impression that I *must* use artifice to get you into my boat alone."

If the speaker had possessed any clear sense of what feeling it was that made him so gratuitously timid and designing in the first place, and then drove him into excuses which were but so many egregious self-accusations, he could not have thus freely revealed the unmistakable workings of that feeling to the girl by whom it had been inspired. For, in very truth, both of these wholesome and fresh young natures were as innocently ignorant of passion as the morning dew is of the midday thunder-shower. They only knew that there was both a pleasure and a torment in their being together: a pleasure explaining itself easily enough by an infinity of familiar sensations, but a torment all the more perturbingly unintelligible because it seemed to arise chiefly from a perpetual instinctive eagerness not to be pleased! As the association had gone on, in the exceptional circumstances of common sojourning in an uncivilized foreign country, it had changed phase, gradually and subtly, from the placid harmony of a congenial youthful companionship to an obscurely disquieted nearer attraction, in which was a certain irritable repulsion also. At once far happier than before, and, for the first time, vaguely unhappy, too, in each other's society, the ingenuous girl and the not much more sophisticated youth became mutually fretting and bewildering by a continual jar of seeming cross-purposes in this second stage of their friendship; she developed an alertness of opposition as foreign to her past manner as it was inexplicable to herself in the present, and he took up a habit of feeling dimly injured by her almost every word and look, and thinking that he must practice a sort of craven stealthiness in his every manifestation of a preference previously exhibited without a fear to everybody.

It must be added, however, that in becoming ashamed—he knew not at all why—to show others than Miss Effingham that he was particularly fond of her society, the English sailor unwittingly drew nearer to a knowledge of the true feeling growing between them than Abretta had yet come. She experienced timidity at his approaches only from seeing that he, himself, was beginning to show something like fear in them. Not altogether at ease in the case, she yet could not understand why she should feel uneasy; nor, particularly, why a companion whom her family and friends had never shown the slightest sign of opposing, should suddenly adopt an equivocation of manner as though both he and she were surrounded by inimical characters.

"I do not at all see, Mr. Belmore," she said, in reply to his last speech, "why I, or anybody else, must either regard you as a 'boy,' or object to your exercise of the common social privileges of a gentleman. Everybody belonging to me is glad to know that you are so sorry to leave us, and sorry for the occasion of such gladness. I am sure no one would dream of preventing your saying good-by to each one of us in your own way; and Mamma, especially, has always so plainly shown her high opinion of you, that it seems to me ungenerous in us to appear to be evading her in any way.—No, I am not offended. Why should I be? You say you really do not understand yourself, and I am sure I do not un-

derstand you.—But please do not stop rowing; we can talk as well after we get home."

Palpable anger shone in Belmore's face, and he savagely tugged at his oars for several rushing strokes, as though disposed to take the lady severely at her word. But this was only the exasperated impulse of a moment, and then he was leaving the boat to take care of itself again.

"My farewell to you, Miss Effingham, must be spoken before we leave this boat," he said, with dictatorial sharpness. "Yesterday we laughed bravely at the humorous idea of my coming to grief in the Bruni cannonade; but, for all that, I should not like my friends to take my going into a battle as lightly as though I had gone to a ball. Now here is the whole secret of my scheming to have you to myself for a few moments. I want to ask of you a great favor.—Oh, you needn't look so troubled again; it is quite harmless, even if you are pleased to refuse it.—Your hair is gathered in a ribbon. Will you give me that ribbon as a keepsake, and give it to me now?"

In the alternating glow and pallor of Abretta's countenance at this unexpected request, so almost imperiously addressed to her, there was at first the flutter of an impulse of maidenly alarm. Her eyes fell as much under his changed tone as under the unaccustomed spirit of his searching gaze. Then, with characteristically quick recovery of natural composure, she quietly unloosed the ribbon from her lustrous fall of jet-black locks, and, meeting the young man's look with one unshrinking and frankly kind, handed him the simple keepsake without a word.

As unaffectedly and bravely he pressed her hand before releasing it. This was their real good-by, and both felt it too genuinely for any less generous self-consciousness. The sailor folded the ribbon deliberately and placed it in his breast; he drew the oars through the water slowly, and his features betrayed no sign of unusual emotion; but when, at last, he spoke again, there was a faint tremor in the lowered tone:

"I thank you more than I can say."

"And now you *will* row a little faster?" she insinuated, though ever so much more gently than before.

"Yes; I could part from you now without another word!"

So the wherry moved on more steadily, though not with a swiftness or sound to offend the majestic silent solitariness of the shadowy vale of water. It made a strange little floating picture in that Titanic frame of mountains lessening downward all around, to inner rims of jungle-netted shore, wherefrom mighty arabesques of interlocking roots reached deep into the darkling tide. Abretta, grave and thoughtful, leaned daintily from the stern-sheets to trail one white finger-tip idly in the mystic stream, as unwitting of the occupation as of the opened parasol fallen to her opposite side. The oarsman, swaying as lightly as slowly to the short, smooth curve and dip of the oars, projected a shade, coming and going, at his companion's feet.

"This being in Borneo seems all like a dream to me," were the girl's next words; "I cannot yet make it real to myself."

"It will be only too much a lost reality for me, after to-day," responded Belmore.

"Every scene here, and every sentiment it suggests, seem to me different enough from all that I have ever before known, to belong to a totally different world; and they appear particularly incompatible with anything so practical and passionate as war."

"So they might to me, Miss Effingham, if I had not

often seen the *Cressy's* guns thundering shot into scenes as little warlike in their apparent sentiment."

"You have been in battle, then?"

"If you can call it a battle. My ship was at Commodore Napier's capture of Acre, near the close of the Syrian war, five years ago. I'm not very proud of that war, as an Englishman, although I was only a boyish middy then."

"It was one of the 'Eastern Question' troubles, wasn't it?"

"That same old bother. Mehemet Ali, the most enlightened Egyptian since the Pharaohs, was to be driven out of Syria, and his magnificent soldier, Ibrahim pacha, overwhelmed, because the cowardly Turks, with three times as many troops and ships, could not take care of their own province. So, my country, and Austria and Prussia, must needs combine to restore the 'balance of power.' As it had been before, at Lebanon, and Sidon and Beyrout, so it was at Acre. There were the English and Austrian ships, marshaled abreast of the old gray walls by the blue burgee of our uncouth but brave old Commodore, raining shot and shell on mosque and minaret for the sake of a parcel of infidel dogs whom the great Ibrahim had driven before him, time and again, like sheep. No, I'm not at all proud of having been in such a war as that, Miss Effingham! If only the French had taken part on the other side, as we thought and hoped they would, we should have felt some credit in our work. As it was, the business was like firing into some venerable church! We could see Mount Carmel in the distance, and the monks there must have heard our sacrilegious guns."

"Such a war, in such a cause, affects the imagination like a profanation of the Bible," said Abretta, stirred by the names of holy places.

"Even more than you'd think," rejoined Belmore; "for Mehemet Ali has some of the highest Christian qualities, if he is a Mahometan. Think of civilized powers fighting for the Turk against a ruler who has given to humane science the beneficent Medical School and Hospital at Cairo, and made the famous French superintendent of them, Dr. Clot, a Bey, without asking him to change his religion!"

"Is he the celebrated Clot Bey, then?"

"No other. The only Christian, too, ever made a Bey, without change of creed."

"Was it in Syria you had the fever?" asked Abretta.

The question was only innocently a suggestion from the mention of the illustrious Plague curer of the East, but the Lieutenant had a perpetual guilty suspicion that his American friends were skeptical about his invalid experiences.

"Tripoli was my sick-bay," returned he, with an uneasy laugh; "though it seems so hard for people to believe either in that, or in the sunstroke giving me my present holiday. I only hope that none of you will feel conscience-stricken if anything happens to me at Bruni."

"Oh, do not joke about that again!" exclaimed his hearer, with an earnestness of look and emphasis expressing much more than her words—indeed far more than she was conscious of betraying.

The eloquently grateful flash of the young sailor's blue eyes made her aware of his quick appreciation, and called a charming color once again to cheeks on which rose and lily had else remained more equally matched.

Little farther was said while the wherry drew near to Kuchin; prahus and smaller craft now showing here and there around them, and human figures appearing occasionally on the banks. They were re-entering the world of unrhythmical prose, and the poetic spell of harmonious isolation was as a soft, sweet song checked at the earliest breath of dissonance.

But a graciously beautifying influence yet remained from what was lost for all that came after, and the two young voyagers felt no painful jar in emerging from one into the other. It was a fairer common world to look upon than ever, if only because the bolder revisitant brought back to it the ribbon from a queen's hair, and the gentler a tremulous instinctive thrill as from having subtly neared a king. The light beating hazily down the engirding Borneon peaks and cliffs, from the last glittering crown thrown off by a sinking sun around their palm-fringed temples; ship, and junk, and prahu—tidal rock and wave-enamored stooping tree—held motionless by their own watery phantoms in it; even savage town and ruder jungled shore softening to graceful undulation and benign accord under the beadless ripened wine of air—such was the glory of the world to eyes learning a new vision.

Their good-by had been spoken without words. Only the faint ripple of the boat sounded in the last brief reach between the anchorage of the waiting ship-of-war and the destination where the sailor must turn back from dove-eyed Peace to put on the grim harness of battle. With grudging slowness he swept and dipped the yet too hastening oars, his hungry gaze perfecting the last picture he wished to bear away with him—a figure of exquisite youthful womanly loveliness, with face half-averted and rested upon uplifted hand, and eyes downcast in guileless maiden revery—her shadow coming after her over the passing water, like a reflective silence following a beautiful thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS.

As travelers on the mountain heights,

Where wintry winds forever blow,

Will pause beside the dizzy verge

To look on tropic vales below,

And feel again the balmy breeze,

Unconscious of benumbing cold,

And hear in fancy summer-songs,

That ripple through the sunlight's gold;

So oft upon some ledge of Time

That overhangs the gorge of years,

I stand entranced with joy to see

How fair the vale of Youth appears.

With hearing deaf to surging winds,

With vision blind to hostile skies,

I only know I bask once more

Within that distant paradise.

It seemed so long, so long ago,
 Since from that climate, warm and sweet,
 I wandered into fading light,
 Unmindful of my straying feet,
 Till harsher airs assailed my face,
 And emerald ways grew bare and brown,
 Till shrouded in a world of mist,
 And lost, at times, I sank me down.

I know I now breathe purer air
 And tread the firmer ground of rock,
 O'er many wild impulsive storms,
 With blinding flash and thunder-shock;
 And yet upon these snowy heights
 My homesick heart so often turns
 To gaze upon that lovely vale
 On which the deathless sunlight burns.

JULIA H. THAYER.

JUDY

BY MARY WILLETTS.

A LOW, timid knock at our door, one bleak November morning, just before dawn, aroused us from our slumbers.

Silas sprang up, and, hurriedly incasing himself in some garments, soon (after a whispered conference on the porch) ushered into the privacy of our room, dimly lighted by a smouldering wood fire, a colored woman, with strongly marked African features.

I watched her curiously from my pillow, as she stooped over the embers, warming her dark, misshapen hands, hardened and toil-worn by field labor. Her face indicated kindness, but wore a subdued and saddened expression, which touched my heart; and when my little Lucy awoke and needed attention, all the mother in her heart blossomed into winning smiles on her homely face, and warmed it into a glow of gentleness and love.

So, before I had risen, I had mentally appropriated her to my own use and comfort, if that appropriation accorded with my husband's views and plans for his sable *protégé*. We were passing through an experience on the servant question, even under the old *régime* in a slave state, equal to the present day of freedom and equality.

Our trustworthy Susan had sickened and died (I say *ours*, but only *ours* as we hired from year to year). While we required the assistance they gave us, we were too thoroughly Northern to deal in humanity by barter and sale; and so we availed ourselves, each succeeding New Year's day, of the public hiring of slaves, and provided ourselves with the help we needed.

Susan had proven such a treasure that this was her third year, and the only temptation I ever felt "to own a nigger" was to take her out of the hands of a cruel, rapacious mistress and give her such a home for life as she deserved; but Azrael claimed her as his own, and I doubt not she found a home in "that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

The next was Cynthia, who proved a thief and such an aggravation that we sent her to her mistress in despair. Then for a time Nancy Bell, a white girl, ruled in the culinary department. I soon tired of her and determined to take advantage of my early training and be my own cook. For a time the novelty pleased me, but by the time of the mysterious advent of the dark stranger into my bedroom I was more than willing to resign my position. After a hasty breakfast Silas said: "Now, I shall take Judy down town and put her into the hands of the sheriff to be hired, and, if you wish it, my dear, I will hire her for you," he graciously vouchsafed me; "that is, he continued, "if Judy thinks she can stand your wretched temper." She looked from one to the other of us as we stood smiling before her, and her

sad eyes brightened with a semblance of humor as she said laconically: "I risk it, master," and they left me, Silas merely explaining: "She is a slave suing for her freedom, and I have consented to defend her."

The hiring took place according to the law in such cases, and in a few hours Judy was snugly ensconced in my kitchen. Her story was one of thousands of the dark ages of human slavery of which no note has ever been taken.

It impressed itself strongly upon my memory, and now, after a third of a century, it all comes back to me, and I feel impelled to give it utterance.

"Tell me your story, Judy," I said to her, one day, as I was assisting her in making some garments for herself, as she sat in my room.

"Dar ain't much to tell, missus," said she; "leastways what white folks would care to hear," she added, shyly.

"I should like to hear it very much," I said, and as near as possible will give it in her own language:

"Well, missus, Mr. Dugan bought me fo' year ago, after my ole master died, an' I kep' house fur him, an' he of 'en tole me I was a good woman, an' ef I would work fur him an' take care of him as long as he wanted me, dat he'd set me free. You see he hadn't any fam'ly, an' seemed sort o' lonesome like.

"I did de bes' I could fur de ole man, to make him comf'able. He had one great failin', missus, an' dat was drink. Hit seemed like he couldn't help it. A many a time he'd come a-reelin' home, an' I'd put him to bed an' take care of him. I know dere weren't many women as would do fur him what I did, an' he knowed it too, fur one day he come home an' gi' me some papers in a big yaller kiver, an' he says to me:

"Take care of dem, Judy; dey's your free papers, an' don't you let anybody fool you out ob 'em; fur I tell you dey is all right, no mattah who sez dey isn't."

"Dat was two yeah ago come nex' Chris'mas. Hit seemed like hit was too good to las'. I 'spec' I was too proud 'kase I was a free woman, dat de Lord tuk me down de way He did.

"De ole man kep' a-drinkin' mo' an' mo'; an' at las' I got feared sumfin' 'ould happen, so I jes' got him to let me go to see daddy an' mammy, an' I tuk de papers wid me, to make shure of dem, an' I hid 'em, missus, whar it was hard to fin' 'em—" and a smile lighted up her sad eyes for a moment, as she paused reflectively—"yes, missus, I hid 'em."

"Where and how could you hide a paper so safely?" I asked. She pointed to a tuft of wool which formed a knot on the back of her head, with only the word

"Thar" in reply, and I comprehended that her free papers, as she journeyed on foot over the rough road between Salem and her parents' cabin, were twisted in her hair, kinky as it was.

"The night after I got dar three men cum, an' said Mistah Dugan had sold me to 'em, an' wanted to see my papers, but I could tell 'em truly dat I didn't have 'em, fur I had giv' 'em to mammy, an' she had hid 'em in a sack o' meal.

"De men sarched me good fur 'em, an' swore awful, an' threatened to whop me, ef I wouldn't give 'em up. I tole 'em:

"If I've got any free papers you want you better fin' 'em."

"At last dey give up sarchin', an' said dey didn't believe I had any papers, but dat dey would take me to Louisville an' sell me, papers or no papers. I said:

"Gen'lemen, it's agin de law to sell a free pussion, an' I'm as free as any of you."

"But dey drug me out—night as it was—an' pore daddy and mammy tremblin' an' cryin', neber darin' to say a word, an' put me in a wagon, an' by mornin' we was to de 'hio riber, an' tuk de fust boat dat cum up.

"Dey tried to sell me on de boat, but dey couldn't, fur I tole eberybody I was a free woman, an' it was de same when we got to Louisville.

"Dey got awful mad, an' tuk me out in de country; but it was no use. Nobody wanted jist sich a woman, an' somehow dey couldn't make a sale;" and a curious expression stole over her sable features, as she recalled the futile efforts of her kidnappers.

"Well, missus, when dey foun' dey couldn't turn me into money in Kaintuck', dey tuk a boat fur Memphis, an' agin dey tried dar bes' to sell me, but somehow dey couldn't. So, as it was gittin' crap time, McCurdy swore ef dey couldn't git money fur me I should raise a crap o' corn fur him, an' he give up a-travelin' an' tuk me home wid him.

"He had a nice farm, a wife, an' two little chil'ens.

"He kep' his oath, missus, fur I worked in de fiel' all dat season. I got der breakfasts, an den went out till 'leben o'clock, when de missus 'ould blow a horn, an' I'd go in an' git der dinners an' clare up, an' den work out in de fiel' plowin' an' plantin' an' tennin' de cow 'til suppah. Den clare up an' milk. Den I wash an' iron Saturdays. Dey didn't own any colored people, an' I guess, missus, dey was on'y pore white trash, anyway. But de woman make it as easy fur me as she could, on'y she was fear'd o' her man, an' had to do as he said, ef it killed us all.

"In dis way I worked 'till de fust of dis month, when we hauled in de las' load ob cawn, on a Friday ebenin'. I washed Saturday mornin', an' baked a lot, fur dere was to be big meetin' at de Gum Spring Meetin'-House; an' we was all goin' de nex' day, an' so I ironed way into de night, an' hit was well on to midnight when I hung de las' piece on a cheer 'fore de fiah. I sot down a bit to res', an' dozed a leetle, an' 'bout one or so I tuk my clo'es an' a bite o' meat an' bread in a bundle an' started for dis place an' freedom, an' t'ank de good Lord I'm here an' safe from him," she added, as a shudder shook her strong frame for an instant, while a gleam of pleasure and trust lighted her heavy eyes.

"Forty miles, and afoot?" I queried, as I thought of the cold and storms of the past month.

"Yes, missus; it was a hard road to travel, shuah, an' mostly at night, fur I laid by day-times an' hid in de brush, an' a'most felt my way dem cold, dark nights. I was most starved, too, fur sometimes fur a whole day

I couldn't git nare 'nough to dem as would befen' a pore darkey wid a bite of vittals.

"Once I was so cole an' wet an' hungry dat I stole ento de quarters ob Kurnel Price's place, an' jis' as I was gittin' de chill offen me an' a bit of bread in my han', I hearn McCurdy in de lane a-askin':

"Hillo, Kurnel, see 'd any nigger woman 'round de place?"

"De Kurnel said he hadn't, an' McCurdy said:

"I'be loss a likely woman, an I reckon she's headin' fur Salem."

"I didn't wait to hear mo', an' loss no time a-gettin' into a hundred-acre cawn-fiel', a-leabin' even de pore rags I had in my bundle. Den I stole troo de fiel' an' tuk to de woods, never darin' to go into de road, fur I knowed dey was on my trac'.

"I lay in de woods all dat day, in a slow, drizzlin' rain, but when night cum on, I made trac's fur de road, I tell you; an' befo' daylight I cum to a plantation, an' soon seed a cullud man at de tarn a-feedin'; I tole him my story, an' he tuk me to his wife's cabin, an' she stripped off my wet clo'es, an' put some o' hern on me, an' made me drink some hot coffee. Oh, how she cried when I tole her all I had gone troo wid so fur on de road! She tole me I had on'y ten miles more to go, an' dat was good news, I tell you. After I got warm an' fed, she made me go up de ladder to de lof, an' dere I slep' an' rested all dat day an' night; my feet was so sore an' frosted dat when I fust got up I thought I couldn't go anoder step, eben fur my freedom.

"I stayed dar two days an' nights, an' den de man—Sam Hall by name, missus; a mighty white soul he had shuah—he got his master to let him bring a load ob truck to market, an' so I started 'fo' light, an' he soon cotch up wid me, an' I rid in de kyart mos' all de way. I knowed I had good fren's here, who 'ould see dat I had jestic ef I could on'y git to 'em; an' bress de Lord I did. Your man, missus, says he will see me troo, an' de sheriff says I needn't be afeard o' McCurdy even ef he was to cum, 'kase de law will purtect me." And Judy gave a sigh of relief, and, I fancied, of exultation, that at last she had escaped from "dat rapachus villain," as she called the thief McCurdy.

So Judy settled down in quiet, ministering to the needs of our small household, waiting, in sublime confidence, for the law to right her grievous wrongs. The domestic machinery moved smoothly, and I forgot, in a measure, the burdens which had pressed so heavily upon me previous to Judy's advent, when, one misty, cool morning, after Silas had gone to his office, I was startled by a shrill scream and a piteous call upon my name, and rushing hastily to the door opening into the yard, there stood Judy, ashy with fear, while a red-headed and whiskered man was holding her by the arm, and dragging her toward a horse which was held outside the fence by another man, and near him a third, whom I recognized as a constable, was urging Judy, in forcible, persuasive language, not to resist the law.

I said, "Mr. Jones, do you know what the penalty is for interfering with a person who is suing for their freedom?" for I knew the penalty was a heavy one. "Have you seen Mr. ——" (my husband) "about this matter?"

"No, madam," said Mr. Jones; "I have not, but I saw Williams" (a well-known lawyer), "and he said it was all right, for your husband had been deceived, and that McCurdy had a perfect right to take the woman."

I thought this strange, for Silas, I knew, adopted Davy Crockett's maxim, "Be sure you're right and then go ahead," so I said:

"Have you seen Mr. Hughes, the sheriff—for I know

she was legally put into his charge, and hired out by him on the twentieth, to my husband, and I know it is in one case a penitentiary offense, and in another a heavy fine, for taking a person, after the requirements of the law have been obeyed?"

"Well," he said, excitedly, as the two kidnappers were forcing Judy on one of the horses, "I assure you we are doing what is right, or I would not be here."

My only reply was, "I protest against taking this woman away until Mr. — is sent for and consents to it; I believe it to be an outrage against law and humanity, and warn you all of the risk you run."

Of course my words availed nought, and I saw the poor woman forced away, with dilated eyes and shuddering form, with visions of the barbarous cruelty which she knew McCurdy to be capable of, despite the soft and gentle tones he adhered to in my presence.

I stood, in a dazed mood, watching the group, as they rode over the crest of the hill, just beyond our cottage, until aroused by the cries of my baby, when I joined my tears to hers, and with a sore heart sat down near a window that commanded a view of the road, to watch for events which I felt sure must occur.

The first was the return of the constable, after seeing his victim fairly started on the way to bondage. I fancied he rode along in a self-satisfied manner, feeling that, 'dressed in his brief authority,' he had sustained the majesty of the law in returning a runaway slave to her legal owner.

I had no recourse but to wait, for I was near a mile from my husband's office, with no telephone in those days, and not even a small boy to bear a message, or a neighbor near enough to take charge of baby, while I delivered it myself; so I had but to wait, while the lag-gard hours dragged wearily on.

As I sat thus moodily gazing out at the leafless trees, the leaden clouds and the misty atmosphere, I caught a glimpse of a man on horseback, urging his horse, by whip and spur, to his utmost speed, fly over the brow of the hill. I felt sure it was the self-sufficient constable, and that at last he had seen my husband (who I knew fully understood the case before he entered into it, and had made no mistake, as his brother lawyer had so carelessly stated), learned of the grievous error he had committed, and was hastening to remedy the evil by rescuing Judy from her pretended owner.

This thought, or rather conviction, gave me comfort, courage and hope for an hour or two. In the meantime it began to rain, and as the chilly drops chased each other down the window, I shivered as I thought of the poor woman with only a thin shawl to shield her, and with such a hopeless heart in her bosom.

Just before dark I espied Silas hurrying home with rapid strides, very different from his usual slow and measured gait. I knew he was in haste to relieve my apprehension, and perhaps to go to Judy's rescue himself.

He soon allayed my fears, and gave me comfort by the assurance, in emphatic language, that Mr. Jones, the constable, was responsible.

"He must bring her back," said Silas, "and put her where the sheriff hired her, or pay the penalty, even if it leaves him penniless."

Silas, I found, had been busy in his office all day, and had known nothing of what had transpired until near evening, when a friend came in and told him; for by this time the kidnapping was generally known, along the entire length of the short business street, from the maudlin statements of Williams, who was just recovering from a drunken carouse, and knew nothing of

the steps taken ten days previous to secure Judy from just such an outrage.

He left me to return to his office, with the assurance that my cook would be brought back in time for supper, saying as he left: "Cheer up, little woman; Jones knows by this time that it is for his best interests to have her here in as short a time as possible, and you may be sure he will do it. So again I waited and watched until darkness obscured the road, and I reluctantly left the window to sit with my little Lucy, watching the flickering blaze of the open wood fire, straining my ears for the sound of horses' feet. It came at last, and in a moment Judy stood smiling before me, with the words:

"I've come missus; I knowed Mr. — would make 'em give me up. Mr. Jones wants to see you, missus, please."

I transferred the little one into Judy's outstretched hands and went to the door. Jones was not the self-confident Jones of the morning; indeed, he was a very humble and penitent Jones, and addressed me in a deprecating manner as follows:

"Mrs. —, I—I hope you will forgive me; I—I wouldn't 'a' done what I did to-day for a thousand dollars, madam—no, not for a thousand dollars. I beg your pardon for not listening to your advice and for all the trouble I put you and that poor creature to to-day; and you may be sure that the next time I want to know what the law and my duty is I sha'n't go to Joe Williams—no, not to Joe Williams, madam. Please tell Mr. — that I am heartily ashamed of my part of this day's work. Good-night."

A change of clothes and a cup of hot coffee soon restored Judy to some degree of comfort. After supper, as Silas lingered over his evening cigar, he said to her as she was performing some domestic duty:

"So, Judy, you had faith that I could take you from McCurdy."

"Yes, sir, I had; I knowed you could, an' I was sure you would help me."

"Did you ride all the way?" I asked.

"No, missus; when we got ober de hill an' out ob sight of Mr. Jones, McCurdy made me git offen de hoss, an' he got on hisself, an' den dey druv me befo' dem; and when I kep' a-lookin' back, a-hopin' I'd see somebody a-comin', Mac swore at me an' struck me wid his rawhide;" and a look of rage and hate for a moment obscured the smile which had brightened her homely face.

"It was Jones' place to bring you back, Judy, and I knew he would have to do it, and he knew it too, after I had spoken a few words to him." Silas smiled as he spoke, and I knew there had been strong expressions used, in his talk with the constable, that moved him to immediate action.

"How far were you from town when he caught up with you?" I asked.

"'Bout sex miles, an' de las' two I wanted to lay down in de mud an' die, fur dey hurried me so sometimes, a-trottin' dere hosses, an' a-makin' me run, an' it a-rainin', an' de mud a-splashin'. When I heard Mistah Jones a-hollerin', I looked back in spite ob de lash, and when I saw a man a-ridin' wid all his might, an' a-wavin' of his han', I knowed hit was fur me, an' I felt like I 'spects de men felt when de angel walked wid 'em in de fiery furnace, and kep' de fire from burnin' dem. For shuah, missus, I was in de furnace ob 'fliction. When dey knowed de man was a-callin' to dem dey jes' hurried was dan eber, an' kep' a-swarin' like mad, an' when Mistah Jones rid up dey showed

fight, but he out wid a 'volver an' p'inted it at 'em an' dared 'em to cum on; den he rode up to de fence an' sed, 'Jump up behind me, you woman, an' I'll soon git you whar you belongs.' His hoss was tired, but hit was pow'ful big an' strong, an' I tell you I los' no time a-doin' as he tole me; an' bress de Lord I'm out ob dat bad man's hands once mo', an' I hope an' trus' I'll neber see him agin."

My husband succeeded in proving her a free woman. She served us faithfully for many months, and then set up as a laundress for herself in a double log cabin, surrounded by vines and shrubs, which she bought with the proceeds of her labor, where I last saw her, happy in the companionship of a husband of half her age, the embodiment of independence and content.

A FEW POINTS ABOUT NURSES AND NURSING:

AN efficient nurse, next to a good physician, is necessary to combat disease. She has responsibilities and duties which must be faithfully met and performed, as the life of a patient, in a great measure, is as dependent upon good nursing as upon medical skill. Apparently, only physicians appreciate this fact, when it should be universally understood; and, as all are concerned, a more general interest should be manifested in the training of nurses, especially as it has never received from the public that attention it deserved, or effected those useful reforms of which it is capable.

Nursing, to some extent, is a natural gift; therefore not every one is competent for the position. Yet, with the proper training and application, unadapted persons can become highly proficient, and it would certainly prove much more satisfactory to employ them than the more gifted, yet ignorant ones. While the general opinion that women make the more suitable nurses is true, still men are frequently found to be equally as gentle in their touch, quite as considerate, firm and sympathetic as women; and, when well instructed in the art, become most excellent nurses. They have the advantage of strength, firmness, endurance, and are more desirable in particular cases. Here, then, is an encouraging opening for those of either sex suited to the calling. And, even aside from the professional aspect of the question, if *some member of every family* would obtain the requisite information, hygiene in a measure would be understood, and diseases prevented, and, when sickness occurs, the intelligent help given would alone amply compensate for the application required.

The competent assistance rendered to the physician in the care of the sick is inadequate, and not in proportion to the therapeutic results demanded of him. How few there are who are able to give even a sponge-bath without endangering the patient's life, or to change his sheets without greatly disturbing him, etc. Such matters, trifling as they may seem, are of much importance, and yet they are constantly improperly performed in the sick room, as every physician in practice can testify. The question I wish to raise is this: If the practitioner's greatest trouble is in having his patients intelligently nursed—and not all families, even in large cities, can afford to employ trained nurses—what plan can be adopted that will prove mutually beneficial to both patient and doctor?

Domestic training is the obvious recourse, if only families can be brought to realize the importance and benefits resulting therefrom.

Very naturally some will ask how can this information be obtained without regularly attending a training-school? I would suggest that there are numerous

young women throughout the country who have become experts in the culinary art from good cook-books; others can qualify for this duty in a similar manner. In case of difficulty, I am sure the family physician would gladly supply the necessary explanations.

A nurse should possess these qualifications—sobriety, cleanliness, gentleness, firmness, cheerfulness, patience, health, good moral character, and have her five senses in an active condition. She need not be educated, but ought to have good common sense and be able to read writing, so that she can understand all the doctor's directions. She should do all in her power for the sick, deal justly with the physician, and not place too high a valuation on her own opinion or skill. The bright, attentive nurse will not need to wait for the sufferer to make known his wants; she will understand in a moment the simplest motion and will not be hard to awaken during the night, the least restlessness of the patient being sufficient to arouse her to render the desired assistance.

The duties of a nurse are many and varied. She should be competent to select the most suitable room, which should be light and cheerful, except in ophthalmic or brain affections. She must keep the apartment scrupulously clean, free from all unpleasant odor and well ventilated. The more plainly it is furnished the better. The position of the bed is important, too, according to the nature of the disease; it should be comfortably prepared, the linen frequently renewed, the patient's comfort carefully studied and his position changed as often as desired, if prudent. Other duties of importance are a capability of preparing neatly and quickly the various kinds of suppositories, bandages and fomentations; how to apply them and when to renew them; how to cup and leech, and how and where to use baths, enemata, massage, and, in case of necessity, the simpler medicines; to dress wounds, take the temperature, pulse, respiration, and also assist in setting a fractured or dislocated limb.

An intelligent knowledge of the preparation of a suitable diet for the sick is indispensable. It is not intended that she should prepare the food herself, unless in case of exigency, but that she have the ability to give full directions and to know when it is properly made. The physician should consider it his duty, in most cases, to prescribe the diet just as he does the medicine; still there are many conditions in which an expedient regimen is required when the details of its preparation and administration are entirely intrusted to the discretion of the attendant. The appetite of the patient being variable, great care should be exercised that only the quantity it would be prudent for him to eat should be given at once, that it be arranged in the most attractive

manner and consist of palatable and tempting dishes. What remains should be promptly removed from the room, and when he wishes to drink care should be taken that the water is perfectly fresh.

It is very difficult to properly estimate the reward due nurses for conscientious and well-performed duties. There are times when dollars and cents will not compensate for their services. As they have to undergo considerable training to become competent, submit to the excessive surveillance that is in too many houses and institutions imposed upon them, and perform many disagreeable duties in plying their vocation, they should be treated with the proper consideration and be remunerated liberally when it can be afforded. First of all they must be made to feel contented; and while we should never permit them to consider themselves indis-

pensable, whatever be their qualities, still we ought to treat them with confidence and respect, being on our guard lest we be too lenient at first and afterwards too strict. Time should be allowed for rest and recreation, otherwise the monotony of the life would become oppressive and tend to discouragement, and the duties would be no longer satisfactorily performed.

A definite rule as regards wages should be insisted upon, unless the patient is unable to pay. While nursing is a livelihood, yet it is of too noble a character to be undertaken solely from mercenary motives. It is assured to those who discharge with fidelity their whole duty, especially in time of war and pestilence, that the highest service they are enabled to render to others will bring back the richest reward to themselves; that in serving others they will please God.

W. B. REYNOLDS, M. D.

AFLOAT.

BY FRANK CONVERSE.

"THE *Dove* ain't as hansum' as some of them fancy yachts, but there's no better seagoin' craft afloat," asserts Skipper Orn, who, seated on an inverted keg, with the end of a tiller-tackle in his lean, muscular hand, glances mechanically from the swinging compass in the box-like binnacle before him to the vessel's bluff bows as they divide the long, regular seas.

As I look about the well-worn deck from my abiding-place in the shadow of the bellying mainsail, I silently acquiesce in the too evident truth of the first part of the skipper's assertion. For the *Dove*, in keeping with her crew of gray-bearded men, seems—as indeed she is—a thing of the maritime past. Fancy to yourself a kettle-bottomed vessel of about sixty tons burden, with the bows of a Dutch galliot, and a somewhat elevated stern which draws upward to a peak, after the manner of an old-time knife-tray. No topmasts hath the *Dove*, and the stumpy bowsprit is so short that the one jib can almost be stowed by a person standing "in the eyes of her," to use the technical term.

No flight of fancy, or limit of poetic license, would venture to speak of the *Dove* as "spreading her snowy wings in flight," for the sails which, like the proverbial nether garments of the sailor, are "patch upon patch, and a patch over all," have taken on a dingy and sombre tint, which is not out of keeping with the dusky body hue of the *Dove*, the latter being due to successive coats of coal-tar, which is not only cheaper than paint, but is, moreover, a preservative of the planking. Such, in brief, is the pen-picture of a Glo'ster "pink," or "pinkey," a style of craft which, like the "long, low, dark schooner" of bygone sea-novels, is nearly extinct.

"Sixty years ago the *Dove* was launched," triumphantly observes the skipper, "and to-day she don't leak enough to keep her sweet." And as I recall the mingled odors of damp bedding, fishing-boots, fried pork and bilge-water, characteristic of the little cabin below, I have, as it were, a realizing scents of the fact.

But here on deck, the air is as pure and exhilarating as wine. As lying on the little "trunk" cabin, with my head pillowed on a coil of halyards, I drink in great draughts of the bracing southwest wind that sends the

Dove rolling and plunging along the undulating searaches, I insensibly feel better and stronger. Yet only twenty-four hours have passed since a dyspeptic, overworked slave of the pen, I boarded the *Dove* in the harbor of Glo'ster town, and humbly besought the venerable skipper to take me "mack'rilin'" with himself and his crew of ancient mariners.

For like the *Dove* herself, the skipper and those associated with him have, for the most part, been afloat for more than half a century. They are gray-bearded, weather-beaten men, with the look of half-concealed anxiety which never entirely absent, even in the serenest of ocean days, is peculiar to all who go down to the sea in ships and do business upon the great deep. Residents of the same neighborhood, they have known each other since they were boys together; some have been shipmates in long, foreign voyages; all are more or less distantly connected by marriage, if not by blood.

Thus, between commander and crew, there are no such class distinctions as those existing on shipboard. Each man is a law unto himself, and freely suggests or advises as to the general management of the vessel, even though Skipper Orn has a nominal command. Deacon Thatcher thinks "mebbe it would be better to stand a *leetle* furdur to the west'ard, so 's to make sure of givin' Bullock's Shoal a wide berth."

"There wasn't mor'n two fathom o' water over it when I was here in the *Engineer* last summer," he remarks, with a glance to leeward, following which I discern in the watery distance a faintish white appearance on the surface of the sea—as it were—a patch of foam.

Uncle Nahum Carter agrees with the deacon, but reckons that hereabouts was where they took over forty wash-barr'ls in the spring trip.

"S'pose we give 'em a try, Skip'?" suggests Uncle Nahum, who is a dried-up little man of sixty odd years, with a face which, in texture and hue, seems not unlike a sun-cured cod-fish.

Skipper Orn nods, and five minutes later the *Dove*, with her jib hauled down, lies head to the wind, rising

and falling on the long greenish-gray seas, with their foamy crests sparkling in the sun, which shines down from an almost cloudless violet sky.

Notches cut in the weather-rail denote each man's standing-place, and here are his two lines, with their glittering pewter jigs, neatly coiled on their respective sheets. The skipper's place is nearly amidships. He stands by the rail, one hand fingering a line that he has thrown over, while with the other he scatters broadcast over the sea dippers full of a mal-odorous, oily compound, as though offering a libation to Neptune.

"He's throwin' wash-bait—if there's mack'rill anywhere's 'round here they foller it up, and that tolls 'em alongside," explains old Arad Hyer, whose feet have trodden the shores of desolate Wrangel's Land in the Northern seas, and whose eyes have seen the volcanic fires of Mount Erebus light up the darkness of an Antarctic night among the ice-packs.

"You wouldn't think that right under the old pink's keel is the biggest berryin'-ground there is anywhere's on the face of the globe," Cap'n Job Sawyer, who once rounded Cape Horn in a forty-ton sloop, remarks as he smokes a contemplative pipe on the roof of the cabin, near me. I should not, indeed. As far as the eye can reach are burnished miles of sea reflecting the flashing sunlight, in whose track run the long, heaving swells that rise and fall with an almost rhythmic pulsation. The breeze is growing less, and in the now almost unruffled seas the feathery clouds overhead were reflected as in a mirror of steel.

Yet we are midway of "Georges' Banks," and closing my eyes, I think of the wintry storms that continually lash this part of the sea into foaming fury. Of terrible gales, on whose wings are driving sleet and snow that coats mast and sail in icy armor. Of vessels hove to, drifting down upon shoals where the sea breaks feather-white, when no help of man may avail to save and every soul must perish. Of anchored vessels that are sunk in an instant by some ship running before the tempest in impenetrable darkness. Of the fleet of seven sail that went down, with all on board, in one terrible night. Of the famous schooner *Rattler*, which, while lying at anchor with her companionway-slide closed upon the crew, who were waiting the subsidence of as heavy a sea as was ever known on "George's," rolled completely over, taking the masts out of her like pipe-stems. Of the great gale of '76, which left widows and orphans by the score in Glo'ster town. Of—

"Fish!"

The magic word bawled forth by Skipper Orn, whose arms are moving rapidly, has a marvelous effect on all to whom the greeting comes. Sea-boots clatter up the companionway, and Cap'n Job Sawyer emulates the spryness of Deacon Thatcher, in being almost the first man at the rail; and with inward excitement, as I hear the musical flipping of mackerel tails in the bottom of the skipper's barrel, I take my own appointed place, which is, of course, the "lubber's berth," near the stern.

Following the example of old Arad Hyer, who stands next me, I toss my baited hooks into the deep, and holding a line over the tip of either forefinger, anxiously await results. There is a moment of breathless silence, only broken by the swash of the sea and rattle of the rudder, as the "pink" settles heavily down into a watery abyss to rise buoyantly on the succeeding wave. The faint breeze sighs through the rigging the reef-points beat with monotonous pats against the sails, and a flock of Mother Carey's chickens astern twitter merrily over the bits of wash-bait that fall to their share.

Suddenly I feel a sharp twitch on my right-hand line,

which goes cutting through the cold green sea-depths with singular rapidity. Dropping its fellow, I pull vigorously, with a vague impression of having hooked something about the size of a sturgeon and full as lively. By the time I have taken in my first mackerel, six pairs of arms are moving up and down with the precision of clock-work, and the bottom of each man's barrel is covered with dancing mackerel.

"Haul stiddy—kind of hand-ober-hand—like this," kindly suggests old Arad, who, with ineffable composure, is suiting the action to the word, and throwing from his hook by one skillful jerk mackerel after mackerel into his barrel. But, alas! my excitement and lack of skill cause me to tangle my lines, to prick my fingers with the hooks, to catch them in my clothing, to lose my fish, and, eventually, my temper. By the time the mackerel suddenly stop biting and disappear far down in ocean depths, every one but myself has nearly a barrel to his own share. I have about three dozen.

But what does it matter? In the fullness of my heart I feel to greatly exult and rejoice. I even burst forth into song, though my voice is more distinguished for volume than sweetness:

"I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
Three were to broil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line."

No applause follows this involuntary vocalism. Each man is busy with preparations for dressing and salting his fish, an operation which is conducted with marvelous rapidity, and soon the *Dove* is again under way, the deck washed down, and, lulled into drowsiness by the monotonous creaking of the main boom, I dream away the hours till supper.

Comes then the twilight, and as the stars appear one by one the side-lights are put out, and with the lightest of southerly winds the *Dove* journeys slowly but steadily to the northward, without definite destination or particular port in view. For the erratic fish which the *Dove* pursues have no one abiding place. They come and go, as do the waves of the sea, from south of the stormy cape far up into the Bay of Chaleur. With never a sail in sight, we may on the morrow heave to at random, and perhaps fill our deck with the finny prey. Or it may be that we shall join the fleet of white-winged fishermen whose distant sails dot the golden rim between sea and sky, following with them for days without success.

But little care I. I am sitting back of the rudder-head watching the green and blue of the side-lights in the fore rigging, whose beams continually penetrate the soft and increasing darkness which as constantly closes about us. The inky-hued sea that sweeps and surges against the *Dove's* dusky hull and vanishes astern in furrows of foam, is touched in places with the silvery pallor of the larger stars. The dim-seen light in the binnacle before me throws the furrowed face and white hair of old Arad Hyer, who handles the tiller, into strong relief. In fancy I am carried back into the past centuries, when in vessels of even less tonnage than the *Dove* the hardy navigators of old traversed the unknown seas. The high-peaked stern where I sit is, as I have been told, simply a modification of the castellated turret of century-past ships, whose short masts were allowed free play in the mast-holes, not only that light and air might be admitted to the dwellers under deck, but that the vessel's movements might be quickened! Such ships always carried a sort of carpenter's assistant, who, whenever the ship began leaking, was swung over the side with the proper implements to discover and caulk

the defective seam, the ship being heeled to the proper angle by shifting her armament or ballast! And it was in these primitive seafaring days that after sunrise masses were said on the deck of certain foreign vessels. Then followed the "Angelus," repeated just before sunset, after which a deep-toned official called in a voice which penetrated from fore-castle to cabin, "Death is certain—the hour uncertain! Woe unto thee who art slothful. Do that thou couldst wish thou hadst done when thou comest to die!"

A prayer for departed souls was then repeated, "when," as the chronicler avers, "the mariners of the watch retire in silence to their rest."

I am thinking of all these things, when, lo! there is an indefinable expansion—I know not how else to express it—of the semi-obscurity about us—a gradual widening of the horizon, which heretofore has seemed to shut down over and around the vessel. Across the bluish-black of the star-studded arc over our heads flashes a meteor, leaving behind a trail of sheeny dust, which I half fancy has settled down upon the edge of the ocean in shining particles; for close against the distant water-line is a tremulous thread of silver, which gathers and grows as I gaze. It steadily increases, while, as the stars nearest the horizon are merged in the mystic radiance, the round earth swings slowly away from the full-orbed moon, until the lowest extremity of its broad disk is just cut by the undulating rim of the ocean.

"There's a pictur'!" suddenly exclaims old Arad Hyer with a nod of his gray head in the direction of my own fixed gaze.

A picture! Rather a magical silhouette on a plaque of the largest dimensions; for as our vessel goes drifting through a thoroughfare of glittering sheen, through my own current of thought there drifts a fragmentary verse from a poem of Homer Greene—

"We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west,
Leads up to;—she minds her of some pretty story
And says: 'To the city that mortals love best.'
Then I say: 'It must lead to the far-away city,
The Beautiful City of Rest.'"

I say, while this drifting process connected with the real and ideal is going on, there slowly enters and crosses the moon's broad disk a phantom brig. Spar, sails and rigging are as strongly outlined against the pearly background as though done in India-ink; and as for one brief moment the silhouette is framed in the great oval shield of silver, I tell myself that this surely is some ghostly vessel, bound, it may be, for the Happy Isles, where only is the Beautiful City of Rest. But Arad Hyer dispels my thought by prosaically observing that, "like enough, that air brig's outer Portland, bound for the West Ingies, with box-shooks and a deck-load o' staves;" and with the vanishing of the picture itself passes my poetic fancy.

Bringing my blanket and pillow on deck, I lay me down to sleep, and, rocked by the ocean cradle, I lie for hours drinking in the beauty of the moonlight-flooded sea, until all is blotted out in the only period of unalloyed happiness granted to mortals—deep, dreamless sleep—whereby, to use the language of the log-book, "so ends this day."

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

"ONLY a pause for breath," Dorothy said, as she fanned herself with the pages. "Seems to me it's a little too—well too Sandford and Mertony—I mean too instructive."

"But we want instruction," Marilla Prentiss said, her eyes opening wide.

"Then I'll give you some more," Dorothy said, and read on:

"Aunt Keziah sat lost in amazement. I don't think she had ever really thought about a bee before.

"Is that the reason so many stay in the hive?" I asked.

"Not altogether," replied Mary. "They take care of the young, seal up the cells, and keep the brood warm by the heat of their bodies. Then it is no little work to keep the hives clean. All bits of refuse and the dead bees and larvæ are carried out, so house-cleaning is going on all the while."

"How much they have to learn! They must live to the age of Methuselah to acquire so much wisdom."

"No; you are wrong. During the winter, when torpid, they live from three to four months; and during the working season, only from four to six weeks. The poor little things wear out their wings with flying and crawl off to die alone. It is pathetic, but a fact."

"After that Mary told us about the queen bee and her unwritten laws. As soon as her royal highness is hatched

she sets about tearing open the other queen cells, for she allows no rival near her throne. She is prevented by the bees from so doing when they wish to provide themselves with an extra sovereign for swarming. It is then the old queen who issues from the hive, leaving the field to her young rival. The queen-cells are the shape and size of a small pea-nut, space for them being made by cutting away several cell-chambers. The larvæ are fed upon a curious milky food of a rich creamy flavor, which is called 'royal jelly,' and which is used for no other purpose. Science has yet failed to discover how its elements differ from the food of other larvæ. If the apiarian wishes to provide a queen for a motherless hive, he cuts out a queen-cell, wherever started in good stock, and inserts it wherever needed; or he simply gives them a brood-frame containing larvæ from one to three days old. They will enlarge a few cells, and feed the larvæ with this royal jelly. When the virgin queen is five or six days old, she emerges from the hive for the first time on a bridal tour. Soon returning, she never leaves the hive again, unless she goes out with a swarm to found a new colony. The queen seems to be satisfied with her life-work which is simply to provide a posterity to carry on the industry for which bees are created. Before she is two weeks old, she has taken up her vocation and begun to lay in the brood-comb, which is always in the centre of the hive, so as to be easily kept warm. Then her loyal subjects are stimulated to do their best work; they are

up early and late, fairly tumbling over each other in their rollicking joy at such a busy life among their sweets.

"What happens if the queen is accidentally killed?" asked Auntie.

"My lady, the queen mother, lives longer than her working progeny, often three or four years. When she dies, the swarm start other queen-cells from the eggs already in the comb. They are careful to start a number at once, so as to be sure of one at least. If there are no eggs in the hive they are listless and discouraged, and work with much less energy, and unless soon furnished with a queen, or with larvæ, they become extinct. We can readily detect their state by observing that no pollen is carried in for the young to feed upon. When they are in such a condition, if you place a queen in the wire cage, they are usually carried in where they can see her. They generally manifest joy by a fluttering of the wings, and receive her at once into their hive and their affections."

"How pleasant!" Auntie exclaimed. "Imagine the speeches of welcome, the triumphal pageantry, the feasting, the deputations from distant provinces, the royal escorts and court festivities! And then the reporters from other hives, ready to transmit news about the coronation robes and state jewels and the shape of the crown! Think of their different renderings of her speech, and the description of her looks. Would we could understand the bee language!"

"If we could," said Mary, after our laughter subsided, "we should probably hear: 'Behold, oh, august Queen! the nicest cells you ever saw, and we wish you to fill them in the shortest order! We pledge you our loyal efforts to rear your young in thrifty habits, and feed you the daintiest tid-bits from the choicest flowers; only do you do your very best. We must all work for posterity.'"

"And no fear of Nihilists, either," said I.

"I don't know about that," retorted Mary. "If a queen becomes too old or ceases to lay, those same loyal subjects have been known to turn the old lady adrift, or even sting her to death, and proceed to hatch a young queen."

"The queen is dead! Long live the queen! is not the exclusive saying of man, then?"

"It seems not; but they are very dependent on her majesty, and they realize it. She is the parent mother, the soul of the hive. Just think of the enormous quantity of eggs they lay during their lifetime!"

"The principle of motherhood is very mysterious," remarked Auntie, "and very little understood. Yet it runs through all forms of existence. It is the vehicle through which life is transported down the ages. In this case the thirty thousand bees which the queen originates are each perfect in its way, each endowed with instinct and volition. Yet we accept all these things as the most common facts in the world, merely because they are in the order of nature, as it is called. But tell us about the different kinds of bees, Mary. Do you much prefer the Italian to the native queens?"

"Very much; the foreigners are not only more industrious, but they are much more easily handled; they are more quiet and kind, and much more beautiful in color. See what the pioneer among women apiarians says of them," and taking a book she read as follows, from the pen of Mrs. E. S. Tupper: "In the summer of 1863 I had but two Italian stocks to begin with. One of these stored one hundred and ten pounds of honey, beside giving me three artificial swarms; the other gave me two swarms and stored ninety-six pounds of honey; and all the swarms but one partly filled several boxes each. I had the same season fifty-six colonies of common bees, all of which were divided, but not one of which stored a pound of honey. That was a very poor season. In the summer following I averaged from nine Italian colonies one hundred and nineteen pounds each. The greatest yield from one hive was two hundred and thirty-six pounds of box-honey, beside two extra large colonies, not reckoning frames and

partially-filled boxes." Later bee-keepers, I see by the journals which we take, do much better than that. I quote her, Milly, to show what one woman did twenty years ago."

"That's encouraging, Mary, and I am afraid I shall go to counting my boxes before my bees have filled one; then for a downfall, like the old milk-maid and her eggs, Look out, Mary; I shall drive over to you whenever I want advice. You are the third member of our Busy-Bodies, and I shall do my part in keeping you busy, my dear. Don't you turn out to be 'Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary.'"

"Not I! I am too much interested in our success, Milly, to show my contrariness to you."

"Now one thing more about queens," interrupted Auntie, "if you have done about your Busy-Bodies—though I must confess you are the only set of Busy-Bodies I ever did like—let us hear a little more. When you wish to convert a hive of black bees into Italians, how do you proceed?"

"I first kill the old black queen, and put an Italian in her place—in a day or two—when the bees have found they are motherless. Or if I have larvæ in a fine Italian hive that I can spare, I put a frame containing newly-hatched larvæ in it. The bees will at once proceed to feed several with royal jelly so as to be sure of a queen. There is a great sale for good Italian queens, and they are sent by mail all over the United States, and even imported in small wire cages, smeared with a little honey for their food while on the way. Larvæ, even, are sent by mail. We tried it one season, but it was a great deal of work, and we prefer rearing swarms for honey alone."

"You seem to handle them without difficulty; do they sting?"

"Seldom; one must be very much provoked to sting. I pick mine up by the wing without hesitation, but their bite is nearly equal to a sting."

"Well, Mary," said Auntie; "we have got as near the source of this matter of bee-keeping as we can without more experience—that is, by learning what we can about the beautiful queen mother—the centre of all our operations."

"I have reported this conversation as exactly as I can remember it, before going on to tell of our work among the bees, because I feel sure that there cannot be a better condensation of lots of book knowledge one has to have."

"Now I'll go on with our personal experience."

"I think I told you we went into winter with four hives of bees. They came out strong and active in the spring. Father had outside cases made for them, with a space of two inches on every side between the two. These we filled in with sawdust or old paper just as soon as cold weather appeared in October, while on the top of the hives we placed cushions made of common bagging, and over all the movable cover of the case. They were painted and all snug and water-tight, and, with entrances reduced in size, their inmates were left to their dreams during their long night of the winter months. On a few sunny days, when the temperature was sixty degrees or over, they might be seen flying. Generally they were in a state of torpor until warm spring weather wakened them into a renewed sense of being."

"It was the last of March when they were really at work gathering pollen for the young, showing that breeding had really begun; and early in April they were going home laden with honey from blossoms of the soft maple and the willow, and their busy hum was delightful to my expectant ear."

"From that time their little wings kept time with the gay procession of the flowers. We traced them to the brook, to the woods, to the gardens and to the fruit trees. Day by day I watched them with the interest of a true apiarian. Early in the season, with bee-veil and gloves, and accompanied by Auntie armed with a smoker, I went

over my hives. They were in a good condition, all but one, which had lost its queen. They had plenty of honey, and all but that one had eggs and brood in all stages of development, and the colonies seemed strong in numbers.

"Auntie said I seemed cool and self-possessed. I only know it impressed me as quite an event when I lifted gently the first frame to examine its condition. Not a bee flew up in my face as I turned it over and carefully replaced it, to lift another and another. Then, moving along the division board, which separates the frames from the vacant space in the hive, I inserted a frame of foundation and a frame of drone-comb in the middle of the brood, and then replaced the covers as before. In due time, in order to secure a queen for the motherless hive, which could not have been orphaned long, we robbed the strongest hive of one of its frames of brood-comb, on which were larvæ a day or two old. This we placed in the bereft hive and left them to their own sagacity. After looking at every frame in each of the four hives, I escaped with only one sting, where a little fellow had the inquisitiveness to explore the inside of my left sleeve. His interview was not productive of pleasure on either side. After that I wore gloves or rubber bands over my sleeves.

"Auntie was quite jubilant over my coolness; and well she might be, for she prudently retired, with the smoker, from close observation whenever the bees seemed particularly desirous of seeing what was going on above them.

"Distance lends an immense enchantment to the view," she declared, but finally grew bold enough to ply the smoker womanfully in their faces to subdue them to the requisite meekness. But they were remarkably good-natured, as we had taken a warm day, when honey was flowing freely, and many of them were out at work. A few days after, Auntie herself volunteered to look after the queen-cells in the motherless hive. There they were, seven in number, started by the bright little creatures who knew what they wanted.

"A thought then occurred to me. 'Auntie,' said I, 'let us make a nucleus hive from our strongest swarm. It will give us one more, and teach us how to build up a swarm.'

"Very true, only you take the responsibility, Milly." And Milly did take the responsibility in this way: In a new 'simplicity' hive I put two frames of honey well covered with bees, making over a quart, with a frame of foundation on either side, and compressed them into the proper space in front with the division board. This was done when my queen-cells in the motherless hive were near hatching. Then, with a very sharp knife I cut out two queen-cells and inserted them very carefully, fitting them in nicely, into one of the two frames of the nucleus, covered them up, and left them to do the rest. The work was successful. In a few days we found the motherless hive no longer orphaned; there were eggs and larvæ in different stages of development, and no Busy-Bodies were ever more deserving the name than mine. On examining the nucleus, one cell was found open at the top, indicating a queen had gnawed her way into 'her sphere of action'; the other she had punctured and killed. In order to enlarge that sphere, I moved along the division board, and added another frame of brood-comb, well covered with bees, and a frame of foundation. In a few days, finding everything going on properly, I gave them more foundation and more brood, so that in a short time they grew into a strong colony, which, in the fall, amply justified the pains I had taken.

"When the fruit trees blossomed, the bees seemed fairly intoxicated with delight; frames of foundation would be drawn out into cells in one night, and the next would see them half filled. It doubled our delight in that loveliest of all seasons, and the combs became a sort of dial-plate on which was marked the passing of the nectar-laden blossoms. The peach, the plum, the apple, pear, and all my berry blooms paid tribute to their faithful-

ness, and Auntie and I often remarked that we had never before realized how much there was to note and enjoy in that throbbing life which came into blossom in the beautiful month of May.

"It was on the fifteenth, a bright, charming day, that little brother Harry rushed into the sitting-room crying:

"Oh, sister, sister! your bees have got mad and are running away!"

"Auntie and I guessed the truth, and sprang at once for our bee-veils, and then for the apiary. Sure enough, the strongest hive was swarming. We had noticed them clustering outside the hive for some days, and knew their combs were about filled with eggs, brood, pollen and honey, but it was quite early for them to seek new quarters. We had made all due preparations, fixed the stand, and had everything in readiness to put our hand upon it at a moment's warning. The bees came out with a rush and a roar, as though utterly distracted, but we saw there was method in their madness. Apparently flying without any purpose, through all the confusion they made for a maple tree on the bank of the brook, where they settled on a limb half way up, in a huge cluster. This increased as if by magic, until the dark mass hung down as large as a wasp's nest and in something the shape of one. In ten minutes nearly all had alighted; and now came the trial of my nerve.

"Auntie was brave enough now; she it was who placed the step-ladder under the tree, put on the top a little board platform, and on that set the empty hive. Father happened to be in the house, and he brought the ladder and set it against the tree for me to mount and help her, though he offered to do it instead. 'I haven't been reared in the country to be afraid to climb a short ladder, Papa,' said I, though my heart did beat a little rapidly between that and the bees. Well, Auntie mounted the long step-ladder, and with my help bent down the branch, sagging with its curious weight, so that it hung in front of the hive. Then with two or three gentle shakes the mass dropped on the platform, which we had placed exactly under it, and the bees began immediately to crawl in the opening. Having taken the precaution to put a little honey in the hive and six frames of foundation, they were attracted by the odor. Beside, they have a curious propensity to crawl into the first opening they see, after swarming. Others followed, till they looked as if they were drawn by a strong current setting hive-ward, and in ten minutes from the time we began to work the bees were in their future home. Papa helped us lift them down and put the hive on their stand, and—will you believe it!—by the next morning there was comb half drawn out and a little honey in the cells. Indeed, we found that on some of these splendid days one strong colony would store ten pounds of honey.

"I cannot tell you how glad we were when it was all over. Papa began bantering me on my prosperity, and asked what I would take for the swarm. 'Twenty-five dollars,' I replied.

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.

So you see, Papa, I must have the value of a load of hay, and be paid extra for my bravery.' Then Papa took me in his arms and declared he would not take fifty dollars for the energy and bravery I had shown all through; and Mamma came to me with her sweet words of affectionate encouragement. She would have done the same had she been reared as I was, but her parents belonged to that class which believe in women only as a drawing-room ornament—a useless bit of bric-a-brac—so she had grown up with false notions of life, its enjoyments and its duties. All this she acknowledges now. Dear Mamma! So good and loving and true! She says she is living a new life in me, and looking at things so differently. Her mind is so

active and shrewd, spite of the starvation to which it was subjected in youth, that she takes long strides in more advanced ways of thinking and acting.

"But to return to our dear little Busy-Bodies. Two after-swarms came out of the hive that gave us the first swarm; four swarms more out of two others, and one out of a fourth. One alighted on the upper limb of a large cherry tree, which one of father's men climbed and sawed off. He was brave enough to descend with the limb in his left hand, having been provided with a bee-veil before he went up the tree. One of the swarms settled on a raspberry-bush, near the ground. We set the hive near this and gently brushed them toward the entrance with a wing. But the most delicate work we had was in uniting two small after-swarms to make one strong colony. This we did at night-fall, when all were quiet in their hives. We set the smaller swarm close by the side of the other, lifted the covers of both, and smoked them well. Then I gently raised one frame of the weakest colony at a time, bees and all, and, pushing the division board along to give space, dropped it in beside those in the hive. It was but a moment's work to make the transfer, replace the cover of the doubled swarm, and leave the bees to their reflections. The queens were free to 'fight it out on that line if it took all summer.' As in human hives the strongest won, and we called that queen Grant ever after.

"Auntie says you must hear of one small mishap that befell us. It was thus: The second hive gave us three swarms instead of two, as I have written, but the third was a very small one, which we put back into the hive in place of trying to build up as a new colony. In a few days it came out again; this time we gave them a new hive, concluding to yield to such perseverance. Having failed to put any honey in the hive, however, we had the mortification to see them, a few hours after, issue in a body from their new quarters and take a bee-line for the woods at the south.

"Harry and another lad ran after and tried to track them, but in vain. They had sent out scouts beforehand and selected some hollow tree as their home, where they now remain, unless winter-killed. This loss hurt our pride somewhat, but it is incidental to all apiarists. We shall be sure to have honey in the hive ever after.

"It was an anxious season during swarming time. Either auntie or I had to stay at home every bright day until the first of July from nine till four, lest we should lose a swarm. Fortunately, the apiary was situated so we could see it from the windows. The close attention made us realize how she who has a hobby must devote herself to one thought in order to win success.

"After the frames were all filled with honey—even the brood-frames contain honey-cells in the corners—we put what is called a 'half story' on the top of the hives. These contain each nine frames half the depth of those below; in each fit tightly three square boxes, called section boxes. They are just such as you see in stores filled with fine comb-honey. Four of the hives gave us these boxes full of the loveliest white-clover honey; they were taken off when cured, and capped and stored where ants—and human fingers—could not reach them.

"From early in July till into September we troubled the bees but very little. Then came the gleaning of the pale gold of our harvest.

"In each hive we left eight or nine frames of honey for their winter supply and took the others to the basement. Putting on our oldest dresses, with brother Harry to help, we began to uncap the cells for the 'extractor.' This ingenious but simple machine is of great assistance, since it enables us to extract the honey and leave the comb free to use again. Some apiarists always use the extractor in midsummer and replace the comb. We did afterward,

but not that first summer. We took a sharp, long bee-knife and cut across the very tip of the cells, then hung the frames within the extractor, three at a time, which is made just the right size. Putting on the cover and turning a crank with a swift rotary motion, the honey is rapidly thrown out of the cells against the tin sides of the extractor, whence it trickles down to a faucet at the bottom and empties into a stone jar or pail below. It is a fine example of centrifugal force, but it takes time and strength to do the work.

"The honey, strained through a coarse bag as it flowed into the receiver, was perfect to the sight and the taste, as we had been careful to let the late buckwheat honey remain for the bees themselves. What we took from them was the very poetry of the field and the garden. It was distilled in Nature's own alembic from the linden, the maple and the willow, the white and purple aster, the golden rod and even such unpretending wayside blooms as the mint, the gill-go-over-the-ground and the dandelion.

"Did not our honey seem to us as sweet as that of Hy-mettus to the Greeks when we realized how faithfully the neglected blossoms of the swamp and the hedge, which no voice had praised, no eye had seen, had transmuted their juices into food for our industrious little servants, from whom we rifled them in turn?

"But my letter is already too long and there are many important points yet untouched. One of these auntie says I must not omit. Strained honey not needed for immediate use must be heated almost to the boiling point, care being taken not to let it scorch, and then sealed in cans like fruit, to keep from candying. Here is the result of the two years:

DR.	
One day's help, Mr. Murray and daughter, . . .	\$2.00
12 bee-hives, three dollars each, . . .	36.00
Three Italian queens, . . .	3.00
Veils, smoker, knife, . . .	3.50
108 section-boxes, . . .	1.00
Foundation, . . .	8.96
Extractor, . . .	8.00
12 outside cases, two dollars each, . . .	24.00
Total, . . .	\$86.46

CR.	
108 boxes of comb honey at twenty-five cents each, . . .	\$27.00
267 pounds extracted honey at twenty cents per pound, . . .	53.40
12 hives of bees at ten dollars each, . . .	120.00
Total, . . .	\$200.40
Profit, . . .	\$113.94

"We felt very much encouraged after all this outlay to make a profit of nine dollars and fifty cents on each hive. We had now all the implements needed and the extractor on hand for future use. We also entered the winter with twelve strong colonies, which were doubled the next year. We had to purchase new frames, foundation and sections for our new hives, and had drawbacks from a poor season. With good management and the best of care we feel satisfied to make a profit of ten dollars on each swarm. So, my dear, do not expect to get rich with bee-keeping, but do expect to work hard a few weeks every year and to enjoy your work. Nor can you gain your knowledge merely by reading, sitting on the piazza, for instance, poring over 'The Blessed Bees' or any other delightful fancies, even though based on solid fact. It is far better to spend a week in a good apiary and learn just how to handle the creature. It's just as it is with everything else. Book learning is good, but it has to turn into practice to amount to anything. And thus ends your more and more practical and always devoted MILLY HOOD."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIGMA.

THE tide of European emigration has for so many years sent its main current in the direction of the United States, that we have almost come to think that nobody goes anywhere else. This, however, is far from true. Of late the influx of Germans to the large English cities has been such as to cause some inconvenience. The immigrants come well equipped with such English as can be learned in the German public schools, and are fully competent to undertake any ordinary clerical work, while their habits of industry and frugality enable them to underbid English competitors. Again, it has lately been ascertained that over one million persons of foreign birth are now resident in France, a tolerably large percentage when we remember that its very existence has until quite recently been unsuspected. Belgians head the list, furnishing half the total, but the immigration from Italy is on the increase, as also is that from Spain, and even from Germany. This interchange among the States of Europe has been lost sight of in the general transatlantic drift, but it deserves the attention of statisticians, and will no doubt receive it.

MEANWHILE, in spite of the enormous foreign influx to our own shores, native Americans hold their own with about four-fifths of the entire population; that is to say, they hold their own wherever they evolve political sense enough to make common cause against the foreign vote. Not that such a combination is always desirable, but it is comforting to Americans to tell themselves that, if they should ever happen to desire it, they can take the reins of power into their own hands simply by pulling together.

AMERICANS are sometimes accused, and not altogether unjustly, of undue bragging about the size of the country and the general bigness of things. In point of fact these are nothing to brag of. They are mere incidents, wholly beyond human control. What we do brag of, however, with all heartiness is that we absorb several millions of immigrants every decade, and make such good citizens of them that the dangerous element is practically eliminated. Thousands of these people are among the *drones* at home, but here, somehow, they are absorbed into the general drift of good behavior. Exceptions there are, of course, in the shape of Nihilists and Irish extremists, but the influence of these is very slight when it is remembered how free they are to do as they please.

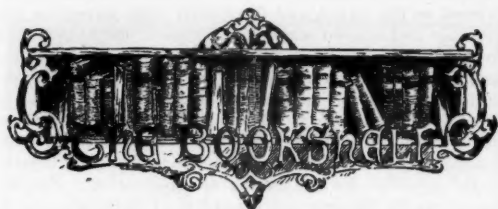
JUST at present our neighbors in the Dominion of Canada are perhaps not altogether unjustifiably in a very nervous state of apprehension concerning Irish-Americans loaded with dynamite and infernal machines of the latest and most approved construction. This predisposition to alarm was augmented by the arrival of Lord Lansdowne, who is suddenly, and to disinterested outsiders unexpectedly, held up as an Irish landlord of the most objectionable and tyrannical type. Probably there is very little truth in these statements, but they afford an excellent opportunity for the irreconcilable faction of our Irish fellow-citizens to throw down their hats and entreat some one to knock the chip off their shoulders. If Lord Lansdowne proves to be unpopular with the Canadians, the conditions may so shape themselves as to give the hot-headed zealots, led

by O'Donovan Rossa and his following, the wished for opportunity to involve us in difficulties with England. If they see the opportunity they will not be slow to avail themselves of it. Of that we may be very sure.

IT would be an interesting and not altogether unprofitable study for some one with nothing better to do to work up statistics concerning the acquirement of land in this country by foreigners. We do not mean in farms, but in principalities. A large amount of English capital has of late years been drawn to investment in vast tracts of western, southern and southwestern land for speculative and agricultural purposes. Agents there are who make a business of effecting such purchases. We have heard recently of a tract in Florida whose owners have put up some two hundred miles of barbed wire fences to keep their cattle within bounds. This is very well, and may stand as a sure indication of the way in which the future of the country is regarded by English capitalists, but it must, if it continues, rapidly encroach on the lands which are open to homesteaders. A thousand small farms are much better for the nation than one large one.

WHEN the great railroads take hold of a project they are very apt to make it successful without direct reference to its intrinsic merits. The announcement, therefore, that the Northern Pacific Railroad has adopted a protective policy regarding its timbered lands, the matter is worthy of more than passing notice. Lumbermen are not to be permitted to clear off forests by the wholesale, but are to be required to cut only the mature timber, to take measures to foster a new tree-growth, and afforest lands now bare of trees. Settlers, miners and corporations have long treated forests as inexhaustible, with the result of recklessly destroying one of the richest gifts of Nature to this rich country of ours. It is estimated that the pines of Maine will be practically used up in five years, and those of Michigan and Minnesota in ten. If this be so another generation will see sad inroads upon those superb forests which now clothe the Pacific slope, and half a century will see the continent almost deforested. It is not likely that any artificial substitute will be found for wood, and its consumption will probably increase with the population of the country, even as it has done in the last decade. The Northern Pacific has set a worthy example if the above statement is true, and one which deserves to be followed, not only by other great corporations controlling extensive land-grants, but by the owners of smaller tracts, and above all by the state and national governments.

PERSONS who have had occasion to become familiar with the characteristics of the new postal note have found that it is too large to go in an ordinary envelope, and that it can be stolen and cashed at any time within the specified ninety days. They are at a loss to know wherein these are better than fractional notes would be, in denominations, say, of five, ten and twenty-five cents, on which a limit of validity might be stamped and for which a small premium could be paid at the office of issue. There would be less red tape, perhaps, but equal safety and greater convenience.



ONE of the most agreeable, perhaps one of the most important art-books of the year, is to be found in the study of Fromentin,¹ the excellent translation of which will be welcomed by every admirer of his work. The many who know him only as artist will be surprised at the grace and finish of the specimens of his literary work of which M. Gonse writes enthusiastically. Nothing could be quieter or less eventful than the biographical chapters. From the beginning Fromentin, though a man of strong individuality, seems to have had a singularly even temperament, and his life was colored throughout by the influence of his birthplace, La Rochelle, which he loved with passionate affection, and which Gonse describes in a suggestive paragraph: "He always lived in heart and thought in his dear town, which by its aspect, by that of its surroundings, even by its commercial and religious traditions, often also by the color of its gray sky, is a pseudo-Dutch city. In respect to the material quality of his paintings, is not Fromentin in fact something of a Hollander, a relation of Wynants and Wouverman? If the writer in him remains exclusively French, has not the painter a secret tenderness for the art of Holland? Even in Algiers, and in some of his most delicate works, does he not willingly see the sun through the light fogs of his native country?" Till early manhood, and the beginning of his practice as a lawyer, for which profession he seemed to have been fitted by temperament and taste, there was no thought of painting. He had dabbled in literature, poetry attracting him most, when suddenly seized with the conviction that nature had intended him for an artist. This opinion was by no means shared by the father, who resented such a departure from the beaten track, but was at last induced to regard it favorably. A year was passed with Remond, the academician, from which there was no appreciable result, and then he entered the studio of Cabat. An unexpected trip to Algiers in 1846 determined at once and forever the character of his work, both with pen and brush. "The charm of that incomparable scenery had conquered, leaving him in a maze of enthusiasm. He belonged henceforth to Africa. To the very end his soul remained turned toward the Country of the Sun."

Two books, the "Sahara" and the "Sahel," were in time the result of this passion, both of which are masterpieces of description. His severe taste made him eschew all sensationalism, and Gonse declares him to have been a master of classic French.

"By soul, emotion and sentiment, Fromentin separates himself sharply from the purely picturesque school. His merits, tenderness and sensitiveness range him by the side of Renan and George Sand. His virtues as a writer make him a classic, a master of the true French, tradition preserving moderation in expression, seeking the elegance of a studied, but not mannered, form, full of sobriety of epithet and delicate shades of meaning, while brightening

by variety of juxtaposition a closely-woven woof, a drawing full of relief and subtle or deep thoughts always rich and numerous. Fromentin is a purist, he adores the masters of the seventeenth century and the old masters; like them, he uses simple expressions, which imprint like a burst of light an individual accent upon men and things. Pen in hand he is an ingenious thinker, alert and nervous, and an incomparable observer."

His work as an artist was even more distinctive. Corot and the leaders of the school of Corot became his masters, but he was never an imitator.

"Corot, the grand harmonist, converted him to his exquisite grace. . . . Gray, the divine gray of Corot, intervenes under the brush of Fromentin to envelop and soften lines. From henceforth, almost unconsciously to himself, this becomes his great purpose. At the time he feels all its value by instinct, which is not without merit at a period when the romantic current still precipitated artists toward excesses of forced tone and great opposition of color; later by pen, word and brush he became its eloquent apostle."

The portraits of the painter, one full-page, the other vignette, show a high-bred and delicate face. He was small and frail, lean and dark as the Arabs he studied.

"His whole person was of sovereign distinction in its attraction; his hand was fine, nervous, full of life and spirited in movement. . . . His head, which concentrated the attention of every one who spoke to him for the first time, was of a very remarkable character. His beard (in later life) was thin and grizzled like that of an ascetic: his brow, wholly bald, was rather high than wide; his nose aquiline and small; his eyes, large and slightly dilated, were very black and brilliant, yet of velvety softness, and these questioning eyes, of which the lustre and expression were at times marvelous, added to the ascetic character of the face. His glance was admirable; it was the ever-lighted torch of his being; like that of the gazelle, it seemed to have kept the burning reflection of the Southern sun. His face, glowing with a kind of inward ardor, had by degrees gained something of the sunburned and emaciated aspect of the desert tribes."

Singularly happy in the home-life, which his reserved and quiet nature made him value as the first condition of happiness, his social tastes were strong enough to draw about him a circle of devoted friends, who at his death, in 1876, just as he was about to be made a member of the Academy, could not be reconciled to the loss with which letters and art had met in this most unpretentious yet profound student.

The reproductions of his sketches, over fifty of which are given in the beautiful volume, are all interesting, often rough to an extreme degree, but full of power. "The extremities, the hands and feet, are scarcely indicated, but their movement is correct, active, and, in many cases, of truly exquisite eloquence," and the art student and amateur alike will find them full of suggestion. Untiring industry was one of his chief characteristics, and never a suspicion of the erratic artistic temperament could be discovered by even his most strenuous opponents—the verdict of George Sand being that which most fully outlines his character as artist, author and man: "He was a model of delicacy, taste, perseverance and distinction."

THE life of Alaric Watts, by his son, Mr. A. A. Watts, will contain various new letters of Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb and others.

A copious index has been added to Palfrey's "History of New England," a cheap edition of which has lately been issued by J. R. Osgood & Co.

(1) EUGENE FROMENTIN, Painter and Writer. Translated by Mary Caroline Robbins from the French of M. Louis Gonse, editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. 1 vol., small 4to (8½x6½ in.) xi. and 280 pp.; portrait: pen-drawing portrait by Mougrin; 54 fac-similes of drawings, appendix, cloth, \$3.00; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE Putnams will publish a holiday edition of the "Essays of Elia," which will contain a number of etchings by the most successful students of this branch of art in America.

No hints as to the finale of "The Land Leaguers," Anthony Trollope's last story, were left by the author, and his son, Mr. Henry Trollope, announces that no attempt at completion will be made.

THE Duke of Argyle and the Crown Prince of Austria will soon appear in print, the former on "The Unity of Nature," the latter in an authorized English translation of his "Travels in the East."

HAVING waited to the age of sixty-nine, M. Jules Simon has suddenly determined upon a new rôle, and appears as the author of a novel descriptive of life in Brittany, called "L'Affaire Nayl," which is said to be a brilliant and very dramatic story.

THE *Youth's Companion* for 1884 promises many new and charming features, chief among them being a number of contributions from well-known English names. Tennyson and Lord Lytton will contribute poems, and Mrs. Oliphant a novel entitled "The Covenanter's Daughter."

A DELIGHTFUL hour may be spent in turning over the pages of a beautiful volume, one of the most attractive among those issued by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, "The Heart of Europe, from the Rhine to the Danube," the text of which is by Dr. Leo De Colange, the profuse illustrations being of the highest order of wood engraving, while the low price places it within the reach of all. (Royal quarto, pp. 143, \$3.50).

AT first sight, Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish" would hardly seem to lend itself easily to dramatic representation, even at a school exhibition, but a glance over the pretty pages of the little pamphlet in which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have accomplished this work, shows that there has been comparatively little difficulty. The pamphlet forms No. 3 of the Riverside Literature Series. (Pp. 44, 15 cents).

THAT Mr. Charles F. Richardson's "Primer of American Literature" is already in its twenty-first thousand, is sufficient indication of the place it has taken and will keep. Absolutely unpretentious as the primer must be that is true to its mission, it is a sound and cultivated judgment that speaks on every page, and nothing better or more authoritative has been given in the same space. (Boards, pp. 117, 30 cents; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A CAREFULLY prepared and unusually entertaining little volume has been written by Mr. William M. Thayer, a well-known writer for boys, who, in his "Young People's Life of George Washington," has done work which it will be quite worth while to put in the hands of boys and girls. It is neatly printed and bound, and astonishingly low in price, wearing the light olive covers of the well-known Elzevir Library. (18mo, pp. 466, 40 cents; John B. Alden & Co.).

HOLIDAY books appear a full month earlier than is their custom, a more sensible method than crowding them in a mass not only upon counters but upon critics, who, like tea-tasters, in time lose all perception and suffer a temporary paralysis of judgment. Even with time there is every reason for bewilderment, and old favorites in a new dress are welcomed because there is no question as to what rank they may be allowed to take. Estes & Lauriat send out "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Doré, Birket Foster, and other well-known artists, and with the fringed and illuminated covers which bring it under the head of Christmas Card; and "Gray's Elegy" and the favorite "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," are treated in the same way, each one being put in a neat box. (\$1.75 each).

"CANARIES AND CAGE-BIRDS," by George H. Holden, is a handsome octavo of over three hundred pages, well

printed on fine paper, and illustrated with numerous engravings and colored plates. It is "designed to be a help to those who keep birds for pleasure, or breed them for profit," and it answers its purpose very well. Without pretending to cover the ground of a scientific treatise or to exhaust ornithology, it contains precisely what those interested in birds want to know. It is attractively written, and is worth reading for pleasure, although it is especially prepared for the giving of information. Specific directions for the care and treatment of birds are given a place, as well as suggestions by which the purchase of pets can be made with discrimination. A number of pages are devoted to bird miscellany, which is of general interest. The book is a creditable contribution to an interesting subject, and is by no means to be classed as a bird-fancier's enterprise, although its author and publisher is a bird-fancier of extended experience. (8vo, 364 pages, illustrated; George H. Holden, New York).

IF Mrs. Wallace's little book, "The Storied Sea," had no other recommendation, its portrait of an American girl abroad would still make it worth reading and owning. Never was there a better antidote to the, if not venom, then something very nearly resembling it, of various sketches in which that young person has figured in a manner to delight the British and enrage the American mind, which, while admitting instantly certain counts in the indictment, denies utterly the conclusions drawn. Mrs. Wallace's graceful pen has painted from life, and if we have to admit that there are in the difficult subject points almost impossible to render, the subtle charm of youth and beauty and frank, innocent, child-like grace are all there, and good to look upon. The little book is full of brightness, its opening being the only heavy point about it, and the chapter, "Doing a Little Shopping," with its story of a Bagdad towel is one of the most delightful bits of experience in the pretty volume, which will win friends in every reader. (18mo, pp. 233, \$1.00; James R. Osgood & Co.).

NEW BOOKS.

THE HEART OF EUROPE. From the Rhine to the Danube. A Series of Striking and Interesting Views. With Text by Leo De Colange, LL.D. Including Illustrated Poems by Foreign and American Authors. Pp. 143, \$3.75; Estes & Lauriat.

THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT. By Washington Gladden. 16mo, pp. 192, 75 cents; The Century Company, New York.

A PHYSICIAN'S SERMON TO YOUNG MEN. By William Pratt. Paper, pp. 48, 25 cents; M. L. Holbrook, New York.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. By E. E. Weatherly. Illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards and John C. Staples. 4to, pp. 64, \$2.00; E. P. Dutton & Co.

EVENING. By the Rev. John Kelle. Illustrated. Fringed; E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE RAVEN. By Edgar Allen Poe. Illustrated. Fringed; E. P. Dutton & Co.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW. By Frances Ridley Havergal. Illustrated. Fringed; E. P. Dutton & Co.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT. By Frederick William Faber, D. D. Illustrated. Fringed; E. P. Dutton & Co.

BELINDA. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton. 12mo, pp. 460, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.

THE SONNETS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited by Mark Pattison. Parchment Library. 18mo, pp. 227, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co.

THE COTTAGE KITCHEN. A Collection of Practical and Inexpensive Receipts. By Marion Harland. 12mo, pp. 276, \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.

BIBLICAL STUDY. Its Principles, Methods and History. Together with a Catalogue of Books of Reference. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D. 8vo, pp. 506, \$2.50; D. Appleton & Co.

THE WISDOM OF GOETHE. By John Stuart Blackie. With a List of Citations. 16mo, pp. 258, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEWFOUNDLAND. Its History, its Present Condition and its Prospects in the Future. By Joseph Hatton. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 431, \$2.50; Doyle & Whittle, Boston.

ANTI-TOBACCO. By Abiel Abbott Livermore. With a Lecture on Tobacco by Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter, and On the Use of Tobacco, by G. F. Witter, M. D. 16mo, pp. 117, cloth, 50 cents; Roberts Brothers.

SEVEN SPANISH CITIES, and the Way to Them. By Edward E. Hale. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 328, \$1.25; Roberts Brothers.



THE following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published :

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry ; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—Under *answers* the bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question.

Answers.

20—[32] The bandalore is a toy consisting of a wheel, probably one-half an inch thick and six inches in diameter. The edge has a deep groove, in some part of which a cord is fastened. In the other end of the cord, which is about four feet long, is a loop to put on the player's finger. The cord is wound around the wheel until it touches the player's hand, who then lets it drop. Unrolling, it receives an impetus, and arriving at the end it immediately begins to ascend. By giving the cord a slight jerk when the bandalore reaches the "quizzer's" hand, it can be kept in motion a considerable time. The writer never saw the word "quiz" applied to it. One definition to "quiz" in Webster is "to run upon." This is the only definition which indicates anything pertaining to the bandalore.

TIMOTHY HAY.

This answer has been long in coming, but we believe it to be substantially correct. The little toy in question was not unknown in this country some forty years ago, so we are informed by a sexagenarian, who showed us a specimen among the treasured relics of his youthful days. The phrase "to run upon," as used by Webster in this connection, means, we take it, to chaff.

21—[83]

"Faith shares the Future's promise : Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun."

It was written in my autograph album by John G. Whittier, February 23, 1878, Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass., and not being in quotation marks, I take it for granted that it was original with him.

Lebanon, O.

JOS. J. G. STEDDOM.

22—[16] We have already answered this question, but it turns up in different forms and with sufficient frequency to justify a second reply. Be it understood, then, that for *day* receptions of all kinds, for *day* weddings, for all social gatherings held by day as distinguished from evening, no matter whether the lamps be lighted or no, frock-coats are proper and full-dress suits are not "good form." The full-dress suit is, in the most fashionable circles, reserved for evening, say after six o'clock.

23—[78] Another way : First paint or wash the wood in a solution of chloride of aniline in water, to which a little chloride of copper has been added. When dry, paint with solution of bichromate of potash in water, and repeat until the desired shade is reached. Generally two or three applications will suffice. This color is not affected by chloride of lime even.

WM. H. WALLING.

Taken from *Druggists' Circular*, April, 1880.

Questions.

[Continued from No. 50.]

101—WILL you please inform me which is considered the best Political Economy now in circulation for general and school use?
E. B. E.

Among the latest and best are President Wolsey's works on "Political Science," and "The Study of International Law." These are published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York. We should hesitate to say that any specific work is "considered the best." The following names of writers on Political Economy are among the recognized standard authorities : Bagehot, Bowen (American Political Economy), Lieber (Civil Liberty), Cairnes, Helps, Malthus, Mill, Mulford, Sumner, and Walker.

102—WHAT period of the world's history is regarded as richest in art-work in furniture and the like?
S. R. M.

It was no doubt the SIXTEENTH century which provided the most varied and interesting series of "art-work in furniture," coffers, credences, cabinets, double-bodied presses or "armoires," tables, beds, seats and monumental doors. The German productions exhibit a redundancy of ornament. In 1585, at the close of the Renaissance, the celebrated Kellerthaler, of Nuremberg, covered the smallest surfaces of the wood with repoussé silver and gems of all sizes and colors.

103—PLEASE give me a Latin quotation suitable as a sentiment for the seventieth birthday of a hale and hearty old gentleman.
MAJOR.

The pleasant commendation by Sulpitius about St. Martin should be borne in mind by those "past meridian." *Est animus victor annorum et senectuti cedere nescius.*

104—How do chemists and others who have to do with glass-stoppered bottles remove such stoppers as resist the ordinary methods?
S. T. K.

When, says Dr. Squibb, the fixed stopper of a glass bottle resists all management—such as warming the neck with a cloth wet with warm water, by tapping, and by the wrench, or by all these in combination—there is another means which will almost always succeed. Let the bottle be inverted, so as to stand on the stopper in a vessel of water, so filled that the water reaches up to the shoulder of the bottle, but not to the label. Two or three nights of this treatment may be required sometimes before the stopper will yield.

105—ARE potatoes injured by letting the sun shine upon them? I have had a dispute with a neighbor about it.
M. B. C.

We have referred the foregoing to an authority in such matters and have received the following, evidently clipped from some paper, to which we should be happy to give credit if we knew its name :

"No person should buy potatoes of grocers who let them stand in front of their stores in the sun, potatoes belonging to the 'Solanum' family, of which the deadly nightshade is one of its full brothers. All branches of the family contain more or less of that poisonous narcotic called 'solanine.' The bulb, or potato, contains the least of this, unless they are exposed to the sun, which rapidly develops this element. Long exposure to the light, without the direct sun, will develop the solanine in the potato, and make an article unfit for food. But exposure to the sun is so injurious to the potato, making it not

only unpalatable but actually injurious to health, that any grocer, for the offense of selling potatoes which have been exposed two or three days to the sun, ought to be indicted for selling unhealthy and dangerous human food."

106—I saw "arrowy Rhine" used as a quotation in one of the monthlies, a few days since, and I wondered if it was correct? Byron uses the expression, "arrowy Rhone," and it is specially pertinent to one who has seen its waters dart forth from the placid Lake Leman. Has the adjective *arrowy* been used to describe the Rhine, and by whom?

K. C. H.

The writer quoted, no doubt, from memory, and not unnaturally confounded the Rhone and the Rhine. We do not know of any notable use of the word in literature other than Byron's "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," but the phrase has no doubt been used freely in various quarters, and even colloquially since, and perhaps before Byron made it familiar. By the way, he speaks of the "wide and winding Rhine" only a few lines before his above-quoted reference to the Rhone.

107—I WOULD like the name of the author and poem in which the following occurs:

"Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she kissing back could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow."

G. T. W.

See James Russell Lowell's "First Snow Fall."

108—ARE there any instances in the animal kingdom of tailless vertebrates, other than men and the tailless apes?

There are at least three, namely: the Guinea-pig, a rodent native of Brazil; the famous Manx Cats of the Isle of Man, and a species of dog known as the Tailless Braque of the Bourbonnais (*Braque sans queue*). This dog, says *La Basse Cour* is, according to certain writers on natural history, the result of a caprice of Nature, which has become hereditary. He is much prized by sportsmen on account of his docility, faithfulness and remarkable intelligence. He is tractable and obedient, stands well by instinct, remains at heel or hunts a field at his master's wish, and passes through every obstacle, fearing no danger. The braques are on the decline as thoroughbreds. They have been too much crossed of late. The original type is not easily met with. Their points are a thick-set head, large nose, with nostrils well developed, a thick stump-tail, very short, and with a lock of hair hanging to its extremity; having the appearance of its having been broken off at the birth of the dog. All the young are born with a square-cut stump tail, which varies in size from two to four inches in a full-grown dog. Some have no tail at all. The hair of his coat is short and rough, and hard to the touch. The height varies from eighteen inches to twenty-four inches from the shoulder.

109—Is George McDonald's "The Portent" published under any other name? Is it still in print? I have inquired in several book stores but can learn nothing about it. I do not find it among the catalogues of his books.

W. W.

It is published, bound in one volume with "Phantastes," by Routledge & Co., New York. Was formerly issued separately by Loring, of Boston. This edition we do not now hear of in the market.

110—Which, in your judgment, is the best encyclopedia published?

Y.

That depends very much upon what you want it for. The large modern encyclopedias are all excellent, namely, "Appleton's," "Johnson's," "The Britannica," "Zell's," "Chambers'," etc., but it is not practicable to say positively which is the best. The "Britannica" is the largest, fullest and most costly, but it is quite possible that one of the less bulky editions might answer your purpose quite as well.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

October 11.—The town of Arcadia, Wisconsin, was damaged by a tornado.

Oct. 16.—A proposal on the part of France for a northern neutral belt between China and Tonquin was declined by the Chinese authorities.

[See "The Middle Kingdom" (new edition), by S. Wells Williams, D.D.; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.]

Oct. 17.—O'Donnell, who killed James Carey, the Irish "informer," was brought into court in London. He pleaded "not guilty" to the charge of murder, and at the request of his counsel trial was postponed to November 21.

Oct. 18.—The centennial anniversary of the disbanding of the Revolutionary army by Washington was celebrated with great pomp at Newburg, N. Y. William M. Evarts was the orator and Wallace Bruce the poet of the occasion.

[See "Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution," "Irving's Life of Washington," *American Magazine of History*.]

Oct. 19.—Earthquake shocks were felt at Gibraltar on this and the following day. Also in the Grecian Archipelago and in Asia Minor.

Oct. 20.—A treaty of peace was signed at Ancon between the Chilian Government and General Iglesias.

[See "Peru and Chill in '79," *Canadian Monthly*, Vol. XVI, p. 113; *New England Magazine*, Vol. IX, p. 210 and 346; *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXX, p. 441. Also "Prescott's Conquest of Peru" and "Temple's Travels in Peru,"]

Oct. 21.—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry landed in this city and were welcomed by prominent members of the theatrical profession.

[See "Life of Henry Irving," published by William S. Gottsberger, New York.]

Oct. 21.—Capt. Mayne Reid, the novelist, died in London, aged sixty-five years. He was one of the most popular of modern writers on such themes as are suggested by wild life among the North American Indians. His last work was finished shortly before his death, for *St. Nicholas*, and will appear during the winter. His works are too numerous for mention here.

Oct. 22.—The Metropolitan Opera House, the finest building of its kind in the country, and among the finest in the world, was opened with the opera of "Faust."—It is announced that J. W. Mackey and James Gordon Bennett signed a contract with Messrs. Siemens Bros., of London, for two transatlantic cables, which are to be laid and ready for business by June 1, 1884.

[See papers on submarine telegraphs in *Blackwood*, Vol. LXX, p. 562; *Living Age*, Vol. XXVII, p. 338; *Chambers' Journal*, Vol. XI, p. 149, and Vol. XVI, p. 409; *Nature*, Vol. IV, p. 8; *Eclectic*, Vol. LV, p. 253.]

Mr. Matthew Arnold landed in this city from England. He will lecture during the coming winter.

[The works of Mr. Arnold are published by Macmillan & Co., and a Matthew Arnold birthday book is published by Scribner & Welford. "Essays on Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," and "Literature and Dogma," are among the most striking of his works.]

Oct. 23.—Lord Lansdowne, the new governor-general of Canada, took the oath of office with great ceremony and some alleged apprehension on account of supposed Fenian plots. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise sailed at once for England.—The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies met.

Oct. 26.—The General Convention of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, which has been for three weeks in session in Philadelphia, adjourned.—A general Apache outbreak is announced along the Mexican frontier, the raiders having driven off a large amount of stock and taken refuge on United States territory.

Oct. 27.—The special Committee of the U. S. Senate, of which General Logan is chairman, appointed to inquire into the Mississippi River improvements, left for the South, starting from Chicago, where they met by appointment.—The International Conference for the protection of submarine cables has been holding its sessions at Paris, and to-day unanimously signed an agreement, which has become necessary in consequence of the multiplication of ocean cables and the importance of preserving them in time of war. This last item, however, seems to have been too much for the Convention, as it is understood to be reserved for diplomatic discussion.